OFFICE 171 BROADWAY. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1836. NEW SERIES—VOL. VI. No. 2

MR. POWER'S "IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA."

IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA, during the years 1833-4-5, by TYRONE POWER, Esq., 2 vols. 12mo, pp. 520. Philadelphia, Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

The courtesy of the New York publishers, Messrs. Wiley & Long, Broadway, in sending us one of the earliest copies received in town of Mr. Power's new work, enables us to lay before our readers the following extracts, which will be read with eagerness and gratification. Our selections are confined exclusively to the first volume, which, with pencil in hand we hastily ran through, here and there at random encircling an isolated paragraph for insertion. The 2d vol. *looks* quite as interesting, and in our next our readers shall have a taste of that and our opinion of the work, which, so far as we can judge, under the circumstances, is quite as readable and entertaining a book of gossip and table talk as has issued from the press this season.

INTRODUCTION TO THE IMPRESSIONS.—I seek to describe America as I saw it,—a mighty country, in the enjoyment of youth and health, and possessing ample room and time for the growth, which a few escapades incident to inexperience and high blood may retard, but cannot prevent. Heaven has written its destinies in the gigantic proportions allotted to it, and it is not in the power of earth to change the record.

I seek to describe its people as I saw them,—clear-headed, energetic, frank, and hospitable; a community suited to, and laboring for, their country's advancement, rather than for their own present comfort. This is and will be their lot for probably another generation.

To those, then, who seek scandalous inuendos against, or imaginary conversations with, the fair, the brave, and the wise amongst the daughters and sons of America, I say, read not at all; since herein, though something of mankind, there is little of any man, woman, or child, of the thousands with whom I have reciprocated hospitality and held kind communion.

On the other hand, it can be objected that I set out by giving evidences of a partiality which may cause my judgment to be questioned.

Frankly do I avow this fault, and in my justification have but to add, that the person who, for two years, could be in constant intercourse with a people, to the increase of his fortune, the improvement of his health, and the enlargement of all that is good in his mind, yet feel no partiality in their favor, I pity for coldness more than envy for philosophy.

But whilst I am by nature incapable of repaying kindness by aspersion, I feel that I am no less above the meanness of attempting a return in that base coin—flattery—that which I saw I say, and as I saw it. I blame none of my predecessors for their general views, but claim the right of differing from them wherever I think fit; and if my account of things most on the surface even, should sometimes appear opposite to theirs, I would not, by this, desire te impeach their veracity, since the changes working in society are as rapid, though not quite so apparent, as those operating on the face of these vast countries, whose probable destinies do in truth render almost ridiculous the opinions and speculations of even the sagest of the pigmies that have bustled over their varied surface.

TROTTING ON THE AVENUES.—In the cool of the afternoon, if there chance to be any cool, it is a common custom for the young men of all classes to drive or ride some five or six miles along the north avenue,—an excellent road leading to the pretty village of Harlæm; and on this line, about sunset, the amateur of horse-flesh may see done, the fastest pace in the trotting world; double-horse wagons of the neatest and lightest construction, gig, sulky, and saddle, all are alike borne along by trotters or pacers at a speed varying from the pair that are doing their mile in three minutes, to the sulky or saddle nag flying at the rate of a mile in two minutes, thirty seconds.

CATO'S.—And what is Cato's? and who is Cato? Shade of Roune's patriot and sage, anger not! for Cato is a great man, foremost amongst cullers of mint, whether for *julep* or *hail-storm*; second to no man as a compounder of *cock-tail*, and such a hand at a *gin-sling*! Cato is a gentleman of colour who presides at a little tavern, named after its proprietor, lying just off the dust of the road between two sharp hills, and situated some four miles from New York—a good breathing distance for a fast burst—and here consequently most men halt to give their horses breath, and wash the dust out of their own throats with some one of Cato's many excellent compounds. The convenience of the place is enhanced by the manner of its master, who for courtesy and *bienseance* might serve as a model to most of his young friends. His society, indeed, is of the very best, including all the first sporting youths of the city; and his liquors are equal to his breeding.

FIRST APPEARANCE IN NEW YORK.—The Theatre was announced to be reopened on the 28th of August, with the "Irish Ambassador" and "Teddy the Tiler." The day was one of the hottest we had known, and towards night it became oppressively close.

No strange actor of the least note could open in New York, to any thing short of a full house; it seems to be a hospitable principle to give the aspirant for fame a cordial welcome and a fair hearing; let it not be considered egotistical, therefore, when I say that the house was crowded; from pit to roof rose tier on tier one dark unbroken mass; I do not think there were twenty females in the dress circle; all men, and enduring, I should imagine, the heat of the black hole at Calcutta. I at the time regretted the absence of the ladies, when had I been less selfish, I should have rejoiced at it.

The moment came when "Sir Patrick" was announced; and amidst greetings as hearty as ever I received in my life, I made my first bow to the Park audience. I saw no coats off, no heels up, no legs over boxes—these times have passed away; a more cheerful, or apparently a more English audience, I would not desire to act before.

I was called for at the end of the play, and thanked the house for its welcome.—If the performance had not gone off with that electric and constant laughter and applause to which I had grown accustomed at home, I had received positive assurance that my new clients were intelligent and very attentive, and I, therefore, no longer entertained fears for the result.

THE PARK.—The Park Theatre is, as well as I could judge, about the size of the old Lyceum, of the horse-shoe form; has three tiers of boxes: is handsome, and in all respects as well appointed as any theatre out of London.

The orchestra is at present excellent, and under the direction of a very clever man—Penson, formerly leader at Dublin. The company I found for my purpose a very fair one, my pieces requiring little save correctness from most of those concerned, except where old men, like "Aspen," "Frederick II," &c., occur, and all such parts found an excellent representative in an American actor called Placide. Descended of a long line of talented players, he possesses a natural talent I have rarely seen surpassed, together with a chastity and simplicity of style that would do credit to the best school of comedy; yet he has never been away from his own country. I trust the model may not be lost on those who have to follow him.

There is a representative of old women here, too, a native, Mrs. Wheatley, an artificial charming actress, with a perfect conception of all she does, and a humorous *espièglerie* of manner that is admirable. This lady has a daughter, a girl of fourteen, one of the cleverest mimics I ever saw; she would imitate Miss Fanny Kemble throughout a whole character, or think, talk, and walk, like her in private,—all with a slight dash of caricature, but in a spirit of truth and acute observation worthy of the inimitable Matthews himself.

With these exceptions, the company is, I think, made up of English actors, many of whom have held respectable situations in the London houses.

SOCIETY IN BOSTON.—The private literary society here is said to be very superior to that of any other city of the States, and by no means small. Of society so called I knew nothing, never having had the honor of being admitted of the community, or, indeed, having made any attempts upon their proper realm beyond an occasional rude foray on the border, uncontinued, and consequently little noted.

Private intercourse is gay and agreeable, and less restrained by the exclusive pretension to dress and fashion which prevails in society both at New York and Philadelphia; whilst, if attractive women are less numerous here than in those cities, beauty is by no means rare; indeed, Boston boasts of one family whose personal attractions might serve to sustain the pretensions of a larger population.

SPORTS OF THE TURF.—*Oct. 20th*—Rode to the race-course on Long Island, this being the period of the "Fall Meeting," as it is termed. The assemblage thin on the first day—Appointments of the negro jockeys more picturesque than race-like,—ill-fitted jackets, trowsers dirty, and loose, or stocking-net pantaloons ditto, but tight, with Wellingtons over or under, according to the taste of the rider; shoes without stockings, or stockings without shoes, as weight may be required or rejected. They sit well forward on to the withers of the horses; do not seem over steady in their saddles, but cling like monkeys; their whole sleight-of-hand appears to consist of a dead pull; and their mode of running, with their time for lying back or making play, seems to be entirely governed by their masters, who, on a mile-course, they must frequently pass in heats, and who appear ever on the alert to direct them.

After the running, which was indifferent, went to see "Paul Pry," a trotting-horse of Mr. M'Leod's, now in training to do a match of eighteen miles in the hour.* With the exception of a few scratches on one of his legs, he looked in slapping order: a powerful gray horse, just sixteen hands, with a fine countenance, and appearing to be nearly, if not quite, thorough-bred.

Second-day.—Witnessed a good race, which a little mare, called Trifle, won in two four-mile heats. She had, on a former occasion, run four heats, or twenty miles, over the Central course at Baltimore, and was beaten by one of her present competitors, a fine mare called black Maria.† Trifle is very little, but powerfully put together, and exceedingly handsome; her only drawback being a pair of mulish-looking ears. She has uncommon speed, and is one of the steadiest and smoothest gallopers I ever saw go over turf.

I, at the start, took a great fancy to the little pet, and backed her even against the other two horses for a dozen of gloves with my friend Mr. C——n. By the close of the second heat our bet had increased nine-fold.—Next morning I received a box containing nine dozen of French gloves. It will be my duty henceforth to back Trifle.

LADIES OF PHILADELPHIA.—Satisfied that I am correct in my judgment, when I assert that this population has the happiness to possess an unusual share of handsome girls. They walk with a freer air and more elastic step than their fair rivals of New York; have clear brunette complexions, and eyes of great beauty.

JERSEY STAGE DRIVERS.—I have seen a pass on the high-road between Albany and New York, where a descending driver perceiving that collision with a coming carriage was from the slippery condition of the hill unavoidable, and also being aware that such an event would be fatal to both parties, on the instant turned his horses to the near bank, and dashed down into the bed of the Mohawk, a descent of more than a hundred feet, as nearly perpendicular as may well be. His presence of mind and courage saved both his own passengers and those in the other vehicle, with the loss of his coach and one of his horses only. The man was publicly thanked and rewarded, and, I believe, yet wagons the same road. One might almost back one of these crack hands to hunt a picked team of their own, across country, with the Melton hounds, coach and all; and if it was not for the *pace*, it would not be such a very bad bet either.

TOLLY, A BALTIMORE DRAGSMAN.—Whilst smoking my cigar, and holding on by his side with as unconcerned an air as I could assume, I, in one of our pauses for breath, after a series of unusually heavy lurches, chanced to observe, by way of expressing my admiration, "This is a real *varmint* team you've got hold on, Mr. Tolly."

"How, did you find that out, sir?" cries Tolly, biting about a couple of ounces of 'baccy.

"Why, it's not hard to tell so much, after taking a good look at them, I guess," replied I.

"Well that's rum any how! but I guess, you're not far out for once," answers Mr. Tolly, with a knowing grin of satisfaction: "sure enough, they are all from Varmont,‡ and I am Varmont myself as holds 'em. All mountain boys, horses and driver—real Yankee flesh and blood; and they can't better them, I know, neither one nor t'other, this side the Potomac."§

WASHINGTON THEATRICALS.—*Mrs. Chapman, &c.*—I made my *début* professionally in the capital upon the 12th of February. The theatre here was a most miserable-looking place, the worst I met with in the country, ill-situated, and difficult of access; but it was filled nightly by a very delightful audience; and nothing could be more pleasant than to witness the perfect *abandon* with which the gravest of the senate laughed over the diplomacy of the "Irish Ambassador."—They found allusions and adopted sayings applicable to a crisis when party feelings were carried to extremity. The elaborate display of eloquence with which Sir Patrick seeks to *bother* the Spanish envoy was quoted as the very model of a speech for a non-committal orator, and recommended for the study of several gentlemen who were considered as aiming at this convenient position, very much to their amusement.

The pieces were ill-mounted, and the company unworthy the capital, with the exception of two very pretty and very clever native actresses, Mesdames Willis and Chapman. The latter I had the satisfaction of seeing soon after transferred to New York, in which city she became a monstrous favorite, both in tragedy and comedy: a very great triumph for Mrs. Chapman—for she succeeded Miss F. Kemble in some of her best parts, and an excellent comic actress, a Mrs. Sharpe—acting on the same night Julia in "The Hunchback," and the Queen of Hearts in "High, Low, Jack, and Game," with a cleverness which rarely accompanies such versatility. I have much pleasure in offering this just tribute to a very amiable person, who has, since my departure from the States, quitted the stage, on which, had she been fortunately situated, she would have had very few superiors.

ANECDOTE OF MR. CLAY.—To another of the great ones of the land I had an introduction, which as it is characteristic of the man, I will here relate. One afternoon, about dusk, being on my way to a family party at the house occupied by the late Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Southard, I thought I had run down my distance, and began an inspection of the outward appearance of the houses, all puzzlingly alike, when a couple of men, lounging round a corner, single file, smoking their cigars, chanced to cross my track. Addressing the rearmost, I inquired, "Pray, sir, do you chance to know which of the houses opposite is Mr. Southard's, the senator from New Jersey?"

"I do know where Mr. Southard's house is," replied the stranger, eyeing me as I fancied somewhat curiously; "though it is not exactly opposite. But surely you and I have met before now,—more than once too, or I am greatly mistaken?"

"That is more than probable, sir," replied I, "if you are fond of a play. My name is Power, Mr. Power of the theatre."

"I thought so," cried the stranger, holding out his hand: adding cordially, "My name, sir, is Clay, Henry Clay of the senate; and I am glad, Mr. Power, that we are now personally acquainted."

I need hardly say, I joined in expressing the pleasure I derived from any chance which had procured me this honor, begging that I might not detain him longer.

"But stop, Mr. Power," said the orator;—"touching Mr. Southard's:—you observe yonder long-sided fellow propping up the post-office down below; only that he is waiting for me, I'd accompany you to the house; which, however, you can't miss if you'll observe that it's the very last of the next square but one."

THE FIRST WHITE MAN BORN WEST OF THE ALLEGHANIES.—At a public dinner, Mr. R——, being present, had his health proposed and cordially drunk, as "the first white man born west of the Alleghany." Now Mr. R. happening to be very dark-complexioned, a waggish countryman of mine, who was seated next to him, could not help adding, with a sly air, having repeated the toast, "and not particularly white either."

"Why that's very true," returned the subject of this jest, with much good humor; "and the reason assigned for the exceeding redness of my skin is in itself not a little illustrative of the late condition of our country, which is, in fact, the true subject of the toast.

"Shortly after my father had located his family on the Ohio, my mother was, whilst in the act of fetching water from the stream a little way outside the stockade within which our dwelling stood, startled by the near whoop of an Indian warrior, and, on raising her head, perceived close beside her a chief of the neighboring tribe: she instantly fled like a deer; and, being young and active, gained the shelter of the stockade, within which, however, she fell exhausted, but was so preserved. Some time after I was ushered into life! and the darkness of my complexion was always referred to the chance of my mother having been thus frightened and followed by the young Indian."

"And a mighty natural mode of accounting for the same," replied Pat; adding with a most provoking air of simplicity, "but may I ask did you ever hear your poor mother say whether the Indian overtook her or not?"

CANAL TRAVELLING, MOSQUITOES, &c.—"We have not much more of this Cedar Swamp to get through I hope?" inquired I, seeking for some consolatory information.

"About fifty miles more, I guess," was the reply of my companion, accompanying each word with a sharp slap on the back of his hand, or on his cheek or forehead.

"Thank Heaven!" I involuntarily exclaimed, drawing my cloak closer about me, although the heat was killing; "we shall after that escape in some sort, I hope, from these legions of moschetoes?

"I guess not quite," replied the man; "they are as thick, if not thicker in the Long Swamp."

"The Long Swamp!" I repeated: "what a horrible name for a country! Does the canal run far through it?"

"No, not so very far, only about eighty miles."

"We've then done with swamps, I hope, my friend?" I inquired, as he kept puffing and slapping on with unwearied constancy.

"Why, yes, there's not a heap more swamp, that is to say, not close to the line, till we come to within about forty miles of Utica."

"And is that one as much infested with these infernal insects as are the Cedar and Long Swamps."

"I guess *that* is *the* place above all for moschetoes," replied the man, grinning. "Thim's the real gallinippers, emigrating north for the summer all the way from the Balize and Red River. Let a man go to sleep with his head in a cast-iron kettle among thim chaps, and if their bills don't make a watering-pot of it before morning, I'm d——d. They're strong enough to lift the boat out of the canal, if they could only get underneath her."

Major Noah gives the up-town Post Office and the street commissioners a pretty hard rub in the following paragraph, which in the Evening Star is surmounted by an Express rider, who seems to be going ahead on the thunder-and-lightning principle:—

BY EXPRESS! ONE O'CLOCK, P. M.

☞Our Black Poney has just arrived from the New York Post Office in the shortest space of time—having been only *sixty-two minutes ten seconds* from the Rotunda to our Office and back again, bringing only part of the mail, the contents of which will be found below. Considering the wretched state of the streets, which the Corporation lately resolved should be cleared, it will be considered equal to the performances of the celebrated Tom Thumb, formerly owned by Moccasin Jackson. Our poney is the same used by the bill sticker of the Bowery Theatre, in his Yellow go-cart, and he lent us "his powerful aid" during the present cold weather. Bill Nefus the rider, met only with a few accidents on his way down—the poney threw him opposite Tammany Hall, but he was refreshed with a pint of frothing brown stout from the Pewter Mug; and he also nearly backed him into the basement office of the Emancipator in Nassau street. Barring these accidents, the "experiment" answers very well; we can go to press as early as our loco fogo neighbor.

THEADORE S. FAY, Esq. *Friday, Feb. 19th.*

Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in enclosing you a draft for the receipt of your benefit night at the Bowery Theatre, amounting to $1,044, and I am very happy that the public voice has joined with mine in rewarding talent and doing honor to genius.

I am, dear Sir, yours, truly,

THOS. S. HAMBLIN.

THOS. S. HAMBLIN, Esq. *Saturday, 20th.*

Dear Sir,—I gratefully acknowledge yours of the 16th instant, enclosing a draft for $1,044, and I sincerely repeat my obligation for your liberal and gentlemanly behavior, not only in tendering me the unmerited compliment of your offer, but for the *spirit* of liberality with which you have extended to me every advantage, not only more than I claimed, but more than I expected. There is no other person who though not before alluded to by me, was by no means forgotton, the talentbd laby whose skill in dramatising has been so successfully tested, and to whom I am equally indebted with yourself. Suffer me then, through you, to tender to *Miss Louisa H. Medina* my sincere admiration of her talents, and my grateful acknowledgements for the additional interest and effect which her hand has added to Norman Leslie. Let me also add my hope and belief that her drama of Rienzi (founded as it is on a work so far superior to my humble and immature effort) will meet with a success above her hopes and equal to her merits.

I am, dear Sir, sincerely and respectfully, your obed't THEO. S. FAY.

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* Which he shortly after won with ease, and was backed on the ground to perform nineteen, and twenty. No takers.

† Vermont is a State famous for its wild mountain scenery, and having a breed of horses unequalled for hardihood, fine temper, and bottom: they are found all over the States, and are every where in high esteem.

‡ The river Potomac is held to be the dividing line between the northern and southern States.

§ Mr. Power is in error, Black Maria ran her 20 mile race, beating Trifle and Lady Relief, on the Union Course.—*Ed. Spirit of the Times.*

ROUGE ET NOIR.

A PENCIL SKETCH OF A NIGHT SCENE IN LONDON.

The motives which induced me, in the year 18—, to embark in the good ship Thunderbolt, Captain Driver, bound for New-Orleans to London, as they in no way bear upon what I have to relate, would be of little interest to the reader. To detail the occurrences of the voyage, would be superrerogatory, as well as irrelevant—for the regular routine of squalls, calms, and head winds—the heaving of the vessel, and the corresponding and sympathetic heavings of the passenger's diaphragms—the glories of a marine sunset—the scintillating magnificence of Ocean's constellated mirror, when, on a calm, moonlight, and starlight night, the tall bark, with her drooping drapery unstirred by a single zephyr, seemed as if floating on an inverted firmament, with all its gems unfixed and quivering—the various devices for expelling sea *ennui*—the first sight of land, and the *last* sight of water "are they not all written" in the journal of—every emigrating individual who has committed the sin of print?

Referring the reader, therefore, who is fond of sentimental yarns, and cockney descriptions, to the pages of such journalists, I beg he will substitute *their* reminiscences for *mine*, and do me the favor to make his first acquaintance with me on solid land.

I do not recollect presisely the time I had been in London—probably about a fortnight—when, one night, on returning from the King's Theatre, where I had been to witness the opera of Der Freischutz, I found, on entering the little parlor of my snug lodgings in Northampton-Square, a late number of an English Magazine lying upon the table. Not feeling bedward inclined, I took it up, and finding it contained an article entitled "Hells of London," which had caused a considerable sensation, but which I had not before seen, I revivified the fire, (it was in November), snuffed the candles, swung the back of my old-fashioned easy chair against the wall, in the manner deprecated by Mrs. Trollope, and placing my feet on one corner of the brass-rimmed fender, luxuriously commenced its perusal. It is impossible for me to say how long I had been thus occupied—for I was too much absorbed in my subject to take note of time—when I was interrupted by a light, hesitating tap at the door of my room. Supposing that my landlady, who occasionally called to have a chat and a glass of brandy toddy with me as she "progressed" to her dormitory in the fourth story, was doubtfully speculating on the possibility of my being awake, and the contingency of the brandy toddy, I immediately responded with a loud sonorous "Come in!" Straightway the latch was noiselessly turned, the hinges, guiltless of their usual discordant creak, oleaginously revolved, and slowly entered—not my bustling landlady, nor, alas! any other lady—but a tall, pale, elegant elderly man, with hat in hand, and that perfect self-possession and consummate tact of manner, which enable a man of the world to cloak the most infernal impudence of *act*, with the semblance of polite and friendly attention. More interesting particulars, connected with this individual, have blotted from my memory all reminiscence of the minutiæ of his costume. I can only partially enlighten the curious in such matters, by stating, that it was either black or invisible green, and as decidedly *recherché* and *tonnish*, as if Baron Stultz had turned out the coat, and that noble and fashionable *artiste*, the Earl of Harrington, had "shaped" the unspeakables. Advancing to the table near which I sat, the stranger bowed gracefully, and in a voice whose tones were indescribably musical and insinuating, observed:

"I believe I have the pleasure of seeing Major Goethe Mysticott, of the United States Army?"

"You have, Sir," I replied, wondering where the deuce he got his information: "pray may I inquire whom I have the pleasure of addressing?"

"Oh! I am a very obscure individual," said he, with an odd sort of emphasis on the word 'obscure,'—"my name is of little consequence."

"In the church, I presume," said I, glancing at the clerical color of his garments, and thinking him for the moment some religious enthusiast, on a crusade against the depravity of the age.

"Ahem!—why not exactly—though I feel a *warm* interest in some of its affairs—the collection of tithes, for instance."

"Ah! In the law perhaps?" suggested I, imagining from the significance of his last observation that he came to serve a tithe process on my hostess.

"No, I never *take*, though I have been accused of sometimes *giving* a retaining fee."

"Of my own profession?"

"No, Sir; but I can well appreciate the *glowing ardor* of the spirit that burns for glory," returned the stranger, with a slight twitching of the corners of his mouth.

"Will you permit me to ask you what *is* your profession?" I inquired, tartly, for I felt nettled at the manner in which he evaded my "leading questions," and determined to assume the tone peremptory.

"I'm *Surveyor-General*," said the stranger, with a quiet smile.

"Do you wish to see Mrs. ——?" (my landlady).

"No, Sir,"

"I presume you have business with some of my fellow lodgers?"

"Yes, Sir."

"May I inquire with whom?"

"With all, Sir."

"Well, have the goodness to despatch any you may have with *me*, as expeditiously as possible."

"Humph!—few people who deal mith me are in such a hurry, Major Mysticott; but you'll perhaps not be so impatient, when you know me better."

"I say, stranger," exclaimed I, waxing wroth at his cool, imperturbable, though still courteous demeanor; "I suppose you think it's a devilish fine joke to walk into a gentleman's private apartment, at this hour of the night, without stating who you are, or where you come from."

"Devilish fine."

"You *do*, hey?" Well, then, if you don't enlighten me on those two points, within as many minutes, I shall take the liberty of kicking you down stairs."

"Where do I come from? I think you said, Major: now don't you think you could guess?"

"D——n! Sir."

"You are perfectly correct," said the stranger, calmly laying his hand on my arm, as, uttering the above elegant expletive, I was about to seize the poker: "you are perfectly correct."

Then leaning over the table, he whispered in my ear—no matter what—it was *sufficient*.

Reader, have you ever been much at sea? If you have, you probably understand the meaning of the term "taken aback," and are aware that the predicament it denotes, is caused by a sudden and directly retrograde change of wind, which sends the vessel, with a startling revulsion, on her haunches, as it were, while every sail, beam, plank, spar, and rope in her fabric, is quivering beneath the sudden shock of the counteracting impulses. I was in a similar situation, on receiving the stranger's whispered information, and sat for some moments with every nerve and sinew paralyzed—every artery beating like the hammer of a fulling mill, "and each particular hair" twisting like a young black-snake, with exquisite horror. The bland tones of the intruder's voice, however, soon, in some measure, re-assured me; and I ventured to steal a look toward the lower extremities, in order to ascertain if his feet had any "little peculiarities" about them.

The D——, I mean the stranger—laughed, as he observed the direction of my eyes, and tapping his exquisitely-polished boots with a long, tapering, flexible black cane, which he held in his hand, exclaimed:

"Pshaw!—you'll see nothing of *that*. Hoby made these Wellingtons. I asked him when he was measuring me, if he could hide the deformity of a club-foot. "Yes," said the fashionable *artiste*, with confident *nonchalance*, though it was the D——l's own." He little thought—but no matter. The boots are *sans reproche*."

"That's a neat cane you have," said I, in a tremulous semi-tone, more for the sake of trying if my tongue would perform its office, than any thing else.

"Yes," he replied, handing me the before-mentioned long, black, flexible, tapering riding-rod: "but Yankee as you are—I mean no disrespect—I don't think you'll ever guess what it's made of."

"Whalebone?"

"No."

"Hippopotamus hide?"

"No."

"India rubber?"

"No."

"What *is* it then?"

"My tail."

"Your t-t-ta-tail?" stammered I, dropping it with precipitation.

"Yes," said the narrator of this extraordinary fact, gravely. "Yes: I found it inconvenient in society. Old habits are difficult to eradicate, and I had been so long accustomed to wag it at my ease in my own dominions, that I was unable to resist the propensity here. It had an odd effect in company, and frequently led to unpleasant *eclaircissements*—so I determined to divest myself of so annoying an appendage. Unwilling, however, to part with an old friend, I had it, as you perceive, mounted with gold, and it really makes a very stylish rattan."

At this point of the colloloquy, St. Paul's clock struck one, and was immediately responded to, in every variety of tone, from the innumerable steeples that seem to take their cue from his patriarchial chime.

"It's getting late," observed the *gentleman*, "and that reminds me of the object of my visit. Do you feel any inclination to see one of the establishments of which you have been reading, in actual operation? If so, it will give me pleasure to be your cicerone.'

"I should like it, of all things," replied I, hesitatingly "that is, I should—I mean, it would give me pleasure—but—are there any—ahem!—any."——

"Oh! make yourself easy," said my visitor, (who of course every body has by this time discovered to be a branch of the Satanic family), "make yourself perfectly easy; there are no *conditions*—my offer is disinterested—quite uninfluenced by any mercenary motives, I assure you. As a "talented" stranger, coming from a country I respect, (I bowed to the double compliment), I shall be happy to show you some of the "happy institutions of this favored land"—to *lionize* you, in my peculiar department. Now is the time to inspect it to advantage; and if you will accompany me to St. James-street, I will show you how the most bare-faced villany flourishes almost within the precincts of a court."

During the last few moments, I had been invigorating and bracing my somewhat relaxed courage, with two regular "North-westers," from a decanter of brandy which stood on the table, and I now felt fully primed for any thing.

"*Allons*, stranger," I exclaimed, as I threw a huge Spanish cloak carelessly over my shoulders, and snatching up my hat, stood ready to attend him—"*allons*, my old boy," I continued, putting on my chapeau, with an emphasis, and giving it a "devil-may-care" slap on the crown, as much as to say, "Who's afraid?—d—me, let's go!"

Having reached the street, we proceeded to the nearest hackney-coach station. There was but one vehicle on the stand. It was a miserable, broken-springed affair, to which were *attached* two shadowy carricatures of horses, whose locomotive power, compared to the *vis inertia* of the unwieldy, shattered machine behind them, seemed as nothing to infinity. Their heads, divested of bridles, were turned toward the empty seat of the driver, and there was a touching expression of hopeless hunger in their countenances, as they gazed wistfully on the loose hay which formed its cushion: it was a Canaan they might not attain.—My companion, however, displayed no sympathy for their sorrows.* Hastily slipping on the bridles, he seized the reins, motioned me to ascend the box, leaped up after me, and then taking a heavy whip from the top of the carriage, began to apply it with singular energy, perseverance, and effect. Had any member of the "Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals" seen the infliction, his Infernalship would probably have had a taste of "Martin's act.'—'Tis said they "needs must go that the D——l drives:" be that as it may, the belabored quadrupeds dashed on at a rate that promised to bring us expeditiously to our destination. On reaching the Haymarket, my companion suggested the propriety of alighting—alleging, reasonably enough, that if seen by any of his quality friends "tooling" such a shabby "drag," he should lose his reputation. We consequently drew up, and descending from our "bad eminence," proceeded onward on foot.

"It's scarcely worth while to pay old Crockford a visit to-night," observed my guide as we passed in front of that magnificent Pandemonium in St. James-street, which bears his name: "the house is sitting, and we should find his saloons almost deserted. The lordly *roués* and titled debauchees who frequent them, are amusing themselves with a game at legislation, instead of hazard, or *rouge et noir*, and perhaps gambling away the resources of their country with as much recklessness as they have exhibited in the dissipation of their own.—Have you ever been within the walls of St. Stephen's?"

"No—but I purpose witnessing some of the debates, before I leave London."

"Do so, by all means; but *first* see the interior of Crockford's, that you may be able to appreciate and admire the consisteney with which men, who having mortgaged every unentailed rood of land, and forestalled the income from every reversionary acre, go to the Senate-house and prate in "good set terms" about "the distresses of the nation," and "the necessity for financial reform."

As he concluded this cynical tirade, we were again moving on our progress, occasionally impeded by the intrusive blandishments of gaily dressed Cyprians—those "painted palaces, inhabited by Disease and Death"—who, even at that untimely hour, were promenading the well-lighted sidewalks. We had not proceeded far, when my conductor stopped before a massive, gloomy-looking building, the outer door of which was ajar. Within, as we could perceive through the opening, was a long passage, terminated by a second door, covered with green baize, and containing a small glass pannel, through which a discretionary survey was taken previous to the admission of a visitor.

"This," said my guide, "is the famous —— street Club-house,—second only in notoriety and splendor to the "Great Fishmonger's." Follow me."

A tap at the inner door, and a glance from the porter at my companion's *card*, and we were on our way up a magnificent circular staircase, bowed along, with sickening servility, by half a dozen of those powdered, frizzed, liveried automatons, that seem a necessary appendage to every fashionable English "establishment." Arrived on the first floor, we were ushered along a short corridor, and through a door similar to the one below, into a large saloon, fitted up in a style of the most luxurious splendor. From the centre of a circular group of figures in *bas-relief*, forming the middle compartment of the richly decorated ceiling, was suspended an immense and costly chandelier, the pendents of which were as large as eggs, and—as if the blaze of light it afforded were insufficient—bronze candelabra, supported on brackets of Italian marble, were arranged along the walls. The floor was carpeted with the richest wool of Persia, and pictures and statues of the most voluptuous cast met the eye on every side. Ottomans, covered with rose-colored damask, occupied two series of drapered recesses extending the whole length of the saloon. At short intervals, tables were set out, with every variety of refreshments, while at either end, large mirrors doubled the seeming extent of this vista of profusion. But the few guests who here and there lounged upon ottomans, or languidly partook of the ostentatious banquet, were little in keeping with the scene around tnem. Jaded, haggard, and in one or two instances, stupified by intoxication, they looked more like the misplaced tenants of a mad-house, then legitimate guests in such a place of enchantment.—Their presence there was a proof that the "fickle goddess" had been unkind, for where is the gambler who would linger even among the bowers of Paradise, while within hearing of the dice-box, if he had the wherewithal to stake on the "hazard of the die?" Declining the refreshments offered to us by the waiters, we walked to the upper end of the apartment, and *Signor Diavolo*, throwing aside the curtains from a recess in the wall, unclosed a door which they had concealed, and, followed by me, entered another apartment. It was a large square, or rather octagon hall fitted up less gaudily, but scarcely less expensively, than the one we had quitted, and filled with the paraphrenalia, the harpies and the *victims* of play. *Rouge et Noir* was the game. In the middle of the room, surrounded by twenty or thirty players, stood a long oval table, covered with green cloth. Each end was divided into two compartments, and the centre of each compartment was occupied by a small piece of red or black cloth, to mark the distinction between the divisions of *rouge* and *noir*. On each side of the table, midway its length, sat two men upon raised seats, called, as my familiar informed me, the *groom-porter* and *croupier*—the office of one being to deal and call the game—that of the other, to draw and pay the stakes. For this purpose, the latter was furnished with an instrument shaped like a hoe, with which he pulled the money toward him in the one case, and pushed it over to the players, in the other. Lamps, with circular reflecting shades, hung overhead, throwing the full blaze of their lustre on the glittering piles of gold and silver, intermingled with bank notes, which lay immediately beneath, while they left the remoter space in comparative gloom.

A confusion of execrations and exultations, mingled with a sharp, monotonous, and often-repeated cry of "Make your game gent'men, make your game," "Game is made," etc., now assailed my ears.

"A *coup* has just been dealt," observed my companion, "and you hear the usual accompaniments of cursing and self-gratulation which mark its result, together with the accustomed technical warning of the dealer to the players to make their bets before the commencement of the next. We will see this event, which, as it is the last in the deal, will be a heavy one, and then sit down."

"Game made?" repeated the dealer: "Game is made,"—and he commenced dealing.

"Thirty-nine black," said he, naming the number of *pips* in a line of six or seven cards, which he spread out, face upward, before him.

The countenances of those whose money was on the *red*, where far the heaviest stakes lay, broadened and brightened, while the visages of such as had backed *black*, became proportionably elongated; and one man who had thrown down a *rouleau* of notes on the latter, gave a deep groan, and pressed his hands over his ears and eyes, as if to avoid hearing and seeing the expected catartrophe.

"*Forty!—black wins!*" exclaimed the groom-porter, as he laid down a second line of cards under the first: "draw the red."

"Hurrah!" shouted he of the *roulcau*,—"hurrah! Ha! ha! ha!"—and he laughed hysterically.

"Fire and fury!—it's not possible!" said a trembling punter, who had ventured his all on *rouge*.

"Shall I count the cards again?" said the dealer, with a supercilious sneer, as he separated them, with a hand glittering with jewels.

"Lend me a hundred and fifty pounds on *that*," said a young exquisite, in an under tone, as he passed a richly-chased gold snuff-box to the banker.

"With pleasure, captain—*two hundred*, if you like," was the soft reply.

"Will you let *me* have *ten* pounds?" asked a carelessly-dressed but gentlemanly-looking young man, addressing the same individual: "I have lost my last shilling."

"What have you to leave as security?" returned the harpy, coldly.

"Nothing but my word of honor that I will repay you; but you may trust to *that*."

"'Tis n't negotiable," said the wretch, with a grin.

"For God's sake, dont trifle with me!" exclaimed the applicant, in a voice choking with emotion. "It is—it is—to buy my wife and children bread. I have lost a quarter's salary to-night, and I have not a friend in the world who will assist me—for alas! who will aid a gambler!"

"Can't help it," said the former speaker; you should have had more prudence: we don't *force* gentlemen to play. There's a gentleman," continued he, pointing to a man on the opposite side of the table, whose military dress, splendid gold watch-chain, rings, etc., seemed little in keeping with the coarseness of his countenance, speech, and manners,—"who has won a thousand of us to-night, and *we* dont ask *him* for a loan. Every body can't win; sorry for you Sir, but—really—can't assist you."

"God help me!" said the unfortunate man, as, dashing his hat over his eyes, he turned to leave the room. "*God help me!*" The words were simple, but the tone of utter abandonment in which they were uttered, was heart-rending.

"Tell the porters not to admit that gentleman again, till further orders," said the person he had solicited, to the waiter, adding, in a sneering whisper, "which will be given when his next quarter's salary is due."

"Let us take our seats at the table," said my *Fides Achates*, "and while they are sorting the cards for a new deal, I will sketch you the characters of some of the players." We seated ourselves accordingly.

"That tall, cadaverous middle-aged man opposite," he continued, indicating, by his glance, a person with a parchment complexion, and fixed, filmy eyes, whose convulsive movements gave him the appearance of a galvanized corpse, "is a Scotchman, who lately sold his commission—a captaincy—in the army, under the impression that he had discovered a system which would insure him victory at all games of chance. He has already lost two thirds of his money, yet still, with trembling hand and palsied frame, he continues to practice his *infallible* plan, as if mathematical calculations could defeat the legerdemain of those trained plunderers. That fine looking young fellow next him, is a young Irishman, who has but just made his *début* in the sporting world, yet has even now spent all his ready cash, and mortgaged for half their value the rich acres of his paternal heritage."

"Who is that remarkably tall man, with the hook-nose, and flowing hair?" inquired I, interrupting my informant: "I think I have seen him before, and that in the pulpit."

"Ha! ha! you mistake him for I——g. They strongly resemble each other in person, nor is there so much difference in their callings as might appear at first sight. One performs on a stage in Drury Lane, the other in Newman-street—and one exhibition is about as theatrical as the other. The former opens all hearts and purses, by means of strains which Orpheus would have envied; the latter arrives at the same end, through the agency of a stern brow, an impressive voice, and something, compounded of impudence and enthusiasm, which fools mistake for inspiration."

"This, then, is P——ni," said I.

"Yes," returned my guide: "you see the celebrated juggler, who—having discovered that peculiar action of horse-hair upon catgut, which is necessary to gull John Bull out of his guineas—treats him to a few scrapes and grimaces, receives his thousands from the dramatic treasury, speeds to the gaming-table, and, damning any starving beggar who may supplicate him for a penny on the road, loses the whole amount, returns to his professional duties, fiddles, receives, and is again plundered. The rest of these worthies around us, with the exception of a German baron, a Spanish count, and a French valet, are hangers-on of the 'establishment'—human jackals, who cater for the principals, and are allowed a certain per centage on the '*game*' they bring in. Now look behind you," continued my companion, "and you will see a little more *private* peculation."

Turning my head in the indicated direction, I saw two men seated within a sort of alcove, at one end of the apartment, playing—as I gathered from catching some of the technicalities of the game—*piquet*. The face of one of them was much flushed, and he seemed under the control of strong nervous excitement. The countenance of his antagonist wore the calm and confident sneer of contemptuous superiority.

"Go," said my prompter, pointing to the latter, "touch that man on the elbow, tell him—in a whisper—that the person he is fleecing is a friend of yours, and that you have observed his tricks, and will expose him. You will see the result."

Partly urged by curiosity, and pertly by a mysterious and increasing influence exercised over my volition, by my companion, I rose, and did as he desired. The fellow instantly nodded, gave me a knowing leer, and covertly insinuating about a dozen sovereigns into my hand, smiled benevolently, as if he had done some very meritorious action, and coolly pursued his game.

"I cannot keep this plunder," said I, resuming my seat.

"Why not?" reasoned my Mentor: "you have as much right to it as the man who lost it—he pilfered it from his employer."

"Then to *him* it ought, in justice, to be restored."

"Not at all: he holds an office under government, and, of course, filched it from the treasury."

"Then it belongs to the administration."

"No: they unjustly taxed the people to obtain it."

"It is the property of the nation, then."

"Why, yes," *sophisticated* this member of the *lower house*: "but as I don't see how you could beneficially divide such a sum among a population of twenty millions, I think you may as well act as their representative, and keep it yourself."

"Make your game, gent'men—last deal to-night—only cards for three *coups* more," vociferated the groom-porter.

Two highly-successful ones for the bank followed.

"*Last coup*, gent'men," said the official.

Hoping to recover, or at least mitigate, their losses, many of the players staked their remaining funds on the coming event, and every eye was bent with deep anxiety on the dealer.

"Thirty-one," said he—"thirty-one—*après*"—and the stakes were raked into a marked space, where they were to remain for the decision of another *coup*; all '*trente-un après*' being, as my companion informed me, a clear profit to the proprietor of the Hell; since, in such cases, the winnings were paid, but not the losings. Cards for a second *coup* were now taken promiscuously from those already dealt, and the dealer once more commenced his operations.

"Thirty-two black—thirty-three—red *loses*," said that functionary; and anon, the long hoe of the croupier was at work, dragging in the heaps of money from *rouge*, and returning the trifling stakes of the betters on *noir*.

"I'm just clean done!" said the Scotchman.

"Be gar, I am de smash up!" cried the Frenchman.

"Och! thunder!—what sort of a *coup* d'ye call that?" shouted the son of St. Patrick.

"That, sir," said the cashier with a bow, as he carelessly tossed the money into an open cash-box before him—"that, sir, is what *we* call a *coup de grab!*"

As play had been announced to have concluded for the night—or rather morning, the room was soon nearly emptied of its occupants—my cicerone and I being the last lingerers, save the two proprietors, who remained to divide the spoils. At this period, and just as we were about leaving the hall, there was a sound of voices, in loud and peremptory altercation, from the adjoining saloon. In an instant after, the door which communicated from it was thrown open, and two athletic young men, apparently intoxicated, rushed into the play-room.

"Hillo, old boy!" exclaimed one of them, addressing the eldest of the two *Hellites*—"hillo!—not going to shut up store yet?"

"Finished for this evening, sir," said the man to whom he had spoken, with a bow.

"Oh!" replied the former speaker, "as you've already turned three hours of morning into evening, I guess it won't make much odds adding an extra one to the account. Just wake up, commodore, and look here," he continued, taking from his pocket and shaking a purse, well filled with gold and notes, before the dazzled optics of the black-leg: "I mean to lose this, or break your bank, before I clear out."

The sight of the money, and the apparent inebriation of its owner, were too much for the cupidity of the principal villain. He glanced inquiringly at his colleague, and was answered by an assenting nod.

"Well, gentlemen," said the former, "we'll accomodate you with *one* deal—though I assure you we are breaking the rules of the Club in obliging you."

Cards were shuffled and cut, and the brothers—for such, from their strong resemblance, I took them to be—seated themselves on opposite sides of the table, one near the groom-porter, the other at the side of the *croupier*.

"These young men," said my guide, "are from your side of the Atlantic—Kentuckians, I believe: they have lost large sums of money here, and suspecting foul play, are feigning drunkenness, in order to throw these fellows off their guard, and with full determination, should their suspicions be verified, to have either restitution or revenge. Keep your eye upon the dealer—you will see sport anon."

Resolved to assist my countrymen, should their temerity expose them to danger, I awaited the *denouement* of the affair in silence. For some time, all went on smoothly and quietly, neither party winning more than a mere trifle, and the proceedings of the proprietors appearing to be fair and honorable.

At length, a very heavy stake was thrown down by each of the brothers at the same time, and on the same color—namely, black.

"Watch!" said my companion—and I distinctly saw the dealer place part of

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* Few minor peculiarities of the British capital will impress an observing and humane American more forcibly, than the sad appearance of most of the cab, hackney-coach, and omnibus horses. They are, indeed, most piteous to behold. Whipping into "*the raw*," is not unfrequently the chief dependence of their cruel owners for effective locomotion. The "*raw*" is a sore place on a horse—an opening in the hide, which leaves the bare flesh and nerves exposed as a mark for the heavy, sweat-saturated lash of the driver. In an examination, not long since, before a committee of Parliament, touching cruelty to animals in the metropolis, the following description of the London mode of "getting the work out of a horse," was elicited from the testimony of a learned omnibus driver on the Paddington road: "You may take your oath, there's nothing like a *raw* for for getting the *go* out of a hoss, as long as there's any in him. You call it cruel; but I'll just take and tell you how it is, now—and I'll leave you to guess. You *buggy gemmen*, an' sich, they takes and uses all the '*igh courage* out of a hoss—very good. Then they sells him to us, and we flogs the *work* out of him; but arter a bit he gets whip-hardened, and worked down, as it were, though it's like there's plenty of *go* in him still, if we could only get it out of him. Well, then comes the use of the *raw*—and if the raw don't come natural, by the rubbing of the traces, an' sich like, why some folks will *make* a raw, with a bit of blister-paper, or what not– but I don't hold with that 'ere, for we shouldn't like it ourselves—and it's mortal to see how you may get all the work out of a hoss, quite sprightly, by *whipping into the raw*, till he hasn't a leg left to stand upon, and is good for nothing but the knackers'—horse-meat venders'—shambles. It may be *cruelish*, perhaps—but then it's all fair, *in the way of trade*. We buy the hosses for the work vat's *in* 'em, an' we've a right to get the work *out* of 'em—*or else vat's the use?*" Perhaps it was this humane Jehu, who made the following protest to a cockney, who, being in a hurry, and on the box, had requested permission to drive his cattle, and had accidentally discovered, and whipped into, "the *raw*:" "Come, young gemman, guv me the *ribbins* ag'in—I don't stand *that*. I keeps that 'ere *raw* for my own private use: it makes 'em very lively of a Sunday, or sich—oh, uncommon!"

the cards he had dealt on the *undealt* pack in his hand, as he pretended to throw the former into the basket, in the centre of the table. The *coup* proceeded, and *black lost*. In an instant, a grasp like that of a blacksmith's vice was on the throat of the dealer. "Villain!" shouted the excited Kentuckian, shaking him as a terrier would a weasel, "I've caught you at last!"

The croupier, who was *vis-à-vis* with his colleague, was immediately seized by the brother of the assailant, in a similar delicate manner; and thus resistance, or cry for succor, was rendered impossible. But they did not attempt either; and seemed as much paralyzed by fear, mentally, as they were bodily, by the unrelenting clinch of their opponents.

"Scoundrel!" resumed the former speaker, "refund to us the money you have robbed us of, or it will go ill with you! You will find the amount *there*," he added, handing him a small piece of paper with his left hand—still keeping his dexter digits firmly twisted in the cravat of his trembling captive.

"My—dear sir," gasped the wretch, deprecatingly, unwilling to part with his spoils, though shaking like an aspen from terror, and the choking—"my good—sir!—we have—lost so—immensely—lately"——

"*Pay it!*" said his antagonist, sternly.

"But my"——

"*Pay it*, I say! or"——

And the click produced by cocking a pistol filled up the pause more eloquently than words.

"Allow me to go—and fetch it—from—my—my—bureau, below,—then!" stammered the rascal, not forgetting his cunning, even in his abject fear.

"What!—and alarm all your coadjutors! No, no, my friend—it won't *suit*," replied the young man: "Fork up, and that instantly, or take the contents of *this*," he added fiercely, as he thrust the cold barrel of a pistol against the supplicant's cheek.

The argument was too cogent to be trifled with. Notes to the required amount were counted out, with trembling hands, by the baffled swindler, and quietly transferred to the pocket-books of the brothers; who, after giving the two partners in iniquity a brace of hearty shakes, by way of receipts, wished them a "*very* good morning," walked off, and left them to their unsatisfactory meditations. * * *

"I will now bid you good bye," said I to my companion, as we again stood in the open air.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared he, in a tone that petrified me with horror, "do you think I part with my acquaintances so easily?"

"But you promised," said I, with a quivering lip—for I did not at all join in his mirth.

"*Promised!*—ha! ha! ha!" and seizing me by the arms, he dragged me forward with such rapidity, that I could not even tell the direction we were taking. Suddenly, he stopped. I turned, to remonstrate with him on his unamiable conduct. As I looked at him, his countenance changed: it broadened—reddened—*smiled!*

"Eh! ah!—what the dev——I mean Mrs. Thoroughgood, is that *you?* Why where's——oh! I *see*," continued I, expanding my optics to their full width, "I've been *dreaming!*"

This fact was now self-evident; for there stood my venerable landlady, in her white cap and apron, with my breakfast in her hand, and the bright light of an *unfoggy* morning was staring me full in the face.

"Sorry to disturb you, sir!" said the kind-hearted soul; "but I was obliged to draw back your chair to set the table, and you made such funny faces, I couldn't hold from laughing!"

Years have elapsed since the dream I have related occurred; yet so vividly are its incongruous circumstances impressed upon my memory, that I had no difficulty in transcribing them from its records. That my imagination should thus have run riot through scenes in which I had never mingled, may seem extraordinary; but it is easily accounted for. The graphic descriptions contained in the magazine article I had been reading, in conjunction with the operatic *diablerie* I had witnessed, were the elements of my fantastic vision. Should any reader complain of its dullness or inconsistency, I can only say *he* has it just as *I* had it; and must refer him, for farther satisfaction, to Messrs. Morpheus and Somnus, the *real* authors, who are alone amenable to criticism for its defects.

Knickerbocker for February.

Editorial Varieties.

☞ We are exceedingly mortified that so many typographical errors should have crept into our outer form last week. The fact was, a great portion of the MS. copy was set up in the night, and so hurriedly sent to press, that a part of it was not even read at all. In justice to ourselves, we feel compelled to re-insert the Notices to Correspondents and Mr. Waddell's Poem. In the first, we are made to say, that *the great Eclipse race came off in* 1822, instead of 1823, as it was written. Hereafter, we shall pay particular attention to the reading of the proofs; and trust the sins of our compositors, in this instance, may not be visited upon them, nor be produced in evidence against ourselves, on the promise of both not hereafter to be guilty of any short-comings of the kind.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Henry wanted 21 days of being four years old at the date of his race with *Eclipse*, which came off on Tuesday, May 27th, 1823; but was obliged to carry the weight for a four year old, viz. 108 lbs. Eclipse being nine years old, carried weight for an aged horse, 126 lbs. At the present date, 104 lbs. is the weight for a four year old horse on the Union Course.

"A Tennessean" will be glad to hear that a spirited sportsman and stallion-owner in Virginia writes that *Autocrat's* colts were the finest he saw last season, out of many that came to his stables with mares.

Miss Louisa A. Phillips, *la tragedienne*, made her first appearance as *Claudia*, in Miss Mitford's tragedy of *Rienzi*.

"KAKOLOLOGY."

☞ Kol. Morris of the Mirror, kontinues to spell Quebec with a *k*. He is a kaptious kritick and defies Knoah Webster and all his works, bekause, forsooth, the kruel lexikographer would not allow him to spell *pigs* with two gg's—or *pickles* with two kk's, thus, pikkles. We dont like these k's; we kut them decidedly—we kannot endure them. Why may not New-York be as appropriately transmogrified and knokt up into a cokt-up-hat after this fashion—Knew-Yorc! Let Kirographers, Kemists, Kommon Kouncil men, publick Kommittees, Kongress men, Kristians in general and all Kreation in partickkular, set their faces against this krude, unkouth, kauseless, krying and unkourteous infringement upon the orthography of their vernackkular, konfabulatory parts of speech. The Kolonel doubtless remembers what the poet says of "the man that has no musick in his soul," and if he kontinues to spell Quebec, with a k, there are those that will esteem him "fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils." There's no telling where *such* people will go to when they are sent for, and we merely hint at the fact that a kurious and enkwiring publick may look out for their p's and q's, should they uppon any okkasion happen to spell Quebec, quebecK. As for the kritick, in kwestion, we presume he is inkorrigible, as we dreamed a dream one cold night last week, in which he appeared to us in the form of a gigantic capital *K*, and after kicking up a terrible dust among our chamber furniture, and kuddling its kold shins up under the koverlid, it bowed thrice to the bed-post, who returned its salute just as any body would, and thus it spake:—

We do remember us an Editor,
And in this place he dwells, whom late we noted,
With solemn phiz, and overwhelming brows,
Culling of *Spelling Books*. Learned were his looks:
Keen criticism sat in every line:
And on his desk were Dictionaries placed,
With ponderous Lexicons, and works profound
Of diverse lexicographers; and still
Around him piled, in tumbled heaps, were strewn,
In most interminable, wild confusion,
Enormous folios, and octavos huge;
While musty and black-letter documents,
Were o'er him ranged, in ostentatious show.
Noting this pedant, to ourself we said,
If by our laws it were made instant death,
To spell such words as public with a *k*,
Here lives an Editor would break the law,
And brave the penalty!

THE GREAT SOUTHERN RACE.

In a former paper were published the particulars of the match made by Colonel HAMPTON, of South Carolina, and Colonel CROWELL, of Alabama, copied verbatim from a letter to the editor, from the Secretary of the Augusta Jockey Club. The Southern papers give a different version of the match, (which is subjoined from the Augusta Chronicle of the 20th ult.); but as ours was *official*, the blame, if any there is, must not be laid at our door. We gave the name of Col. Crowell's fourth nomination as *Olivia*, not feeling at liberty to insert *Bolivia* in its place, though we presumed it erroneous.

GREAT RACE.—A match race for $32,000, was made on Monday last, between Col. WADE HAMPTON's celebrated horse *Argyle*, and Col. JOHN CROWELL's stable, consisting of *John Bascombe*, 4 years old, by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet; *Bill Austin*, 4 years old, by Bertrand, dam by Timoleon; *Lady Nashville*, 5 years old, by Stockholder, dam by imported Strap; and *Bolivia*, 4 years old, by Bolivar—$17,000 on the part of Argyle, and $15,000 on the part of either one of Col. Crowell's stable, to be named on Tuesday the 12th of April next, when the race is to be run, over the Augusta Course, 4 mile heats, half the stakes to be forfeited in case of either not running. There will also be regular races on the other succeeding days of the same week, with large purses, one, we understand, of $1,000. Great sport is expected. The match race will probably excite greater interest than any one ever run in the South, if not the whole country; and from the facilities of travelling to Augusta, from all quarters, an immense concourse of spectators is expected. Already the greatest interest has been manifested by the gentlemen of the Turf who were here when the match was made.

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTE.

On the first trip of the steamboat *Andrew Jackson*, Captain Pollock, down the Alabama River, a child fell from the deck into the hold and was slightly hurt. The mother, a deck passenger, being sadly frightened, was kindly invited by the captain into the ladies' cabin, the inmates of which, with a mingled feeling of sympathy and curiosity, soon drew from her the following narrative of her "travel's history."

She was the wife of a German emigrant, a gardener, who came out to America at the solicitation of an opulent gentleman, residing near Cincinnati. On their arrival there, they were disappointed in obtaining the promised situation, and had since wandered away to the south in the hope of receiving employment. The husband leaving his wife and child in North Alabama, had proceeded to Mobile to seek some means of subsistence. Here worn out by fatigue and despair, a stranger, homeless, in a strange land, he was suddenly taken ill, and his faithful wif hearing of his destitute situation, was now hastening to succor him.

The circumstance becoming known, some of the passengers determined to make up a purse for the unfortunate and interesting strangers. It being Sunday, it was proposed that the bell should be rung—a meeting of the cabin passengers called, and a collection taken up. When all had assembled in the cabin it became necessary that the business of the meeting should be stated. No one seemed willing to "take the responsibility." At length, at the request of several of the passengers, a "gentleman in black" who was presumed to be a clergyman, from his gravity of face and manner, was induced to make the requisite statement, which he did briefly, as follows:—

"Fellow Passengers—Although I have preached many sermons, I never delivered one on the Sabbath. I am called on to state the object of this meeting, and cheerfully comply. A woman, and she a foreigner,—a mother, with her little one, is on her way to join her sick husband, and is destitute of funds. It is said 'in the good book,' that 'Whosoever giveth to the poor, it shall be returned to him an hundred fold;' and in another place, 'He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord.' Now, if we get 30 or 40 per cent on our Cotton, we think we are doing pretty well. Here's an opportunity of getting an enormous per centage on your investment—or if you make a loan of it, you lend it to a first rate paymaster. All I have to add, is, (in the language of Dean Swift,) '*you that like the terms, down with the dust!*'"

The preacher here deposited a $5,00 note in his hat, which after being handed round to the passengers, was returned to him containing above sixty dollars, which he poured into the lap of the poor woman whose gratitude knew no bounds. She has since found her husband, and they are now living happily and comfortably in Mobile. The preacher looking-man, who do you think he was? Why he lives in Mobile too, and did you know him as well as we do, you would "give the world" to shake hands with "*Old Sol*" SMITH, *the Comedian!*

HYPOLITA, A TRAGEDY, BY J. B. PHILLIPS, ESQ.

In a previous paper, we took occasion to speak of this tragedy; yet our opinion was so briefly expressed, that some might imagine we had given it all the attention its merits demanded at our hands. To correct such an impression, we have thus determined to notice it more fully, and to render unto its author the meed of praise to which he is so eminently entitled. A sterling American tragedy is certainly a "*rara avis in terris*," and when presented to an intelligent public, should be received with peculiar testimonials of approbation. Such a production is *Hypolita*. If unity be a great beauty in composition—as many of the ablest writers have declared—then has Mr. Phillips exhibited in this production a regard for that quality which should win him the praise of the most fastidious critic; and if poetic language, glowing thoughts, and finely expressed sentiments, combined with intense dramatic interest, are calculated to please "the judicious few," Mr. Phillips has accomplished what should secure him their high regard. To enter into an analysis of the plot, would be improper, as it might deprive the reader of an enjoyment that may hereafter be afforded him when Mrs. PRITCHARD, the distinguished actress into whose hands the tragedy has passed, will produce it in this city, and give it new value to her personation of the ambitious "Hypolita." A few specimens of its style are offered to the reader, and commended to his favorable notice. They are conspicuous for "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," and bear the impress of a fine intellect. After eagerly awaiting the return of her absent lord, "Hypolita" thus welcomes him:—

"Welcome, Lord Angelo! the morning s light,
Doth blush upon the truant, who, from hence,
Lingers with idle revellers—the while
Neglectful of his weary-watching wife,
Who hopes, now fears, now doubts; but ever loves."

When jealous of Angelo, she thus addresses him:—

"* * * * * Dost thou not love her?—
Oh, Angelo! woman that loves as I
Reads in the speaking eye of him she loves
The secrets of his heart. I have noted
Each look of thine when but her name was breathed;
Beheld thee follow her, with eager eye,
Where'er she moved; 'nay, more: thy very gaze
Fixed on the spot she'd left, as though her form
Still lingered there—unseen by all but thee."

Again, while expecting Angelo, being requested by her confessor [a pretended monk] to retire to rest, she exclaims—

"And he still absent? No, Alberti, no!
I'll not to rest till Angelo returns.
E'en now the morning breeze doth kiss the flow'rs,
And crisp the Adriatic's glassy breast,
And still he comes not; but that I heeded
Thy counsel most unwise, I would, myself,
Have sought the masquerade; hung on his steps,
Nor suffered him to parley with the Doge,
Lest some fresh scruple should suggest itself,
And rob us of our new-gained proselyte."

These extracts—selected from a work which abounds with beauties—can only afford an imperfect estimate of its great merit. We would have furnished others, but deemed these at least sufficient to confirm our opinion.

FROM OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT.

[☞ The annexed letter was in type last week, but was unavoidably omitted from a press of matter.]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10, 1836.

FRIEND PORTER,—I received your letter yesterday, and assure you I felt really gratified that you entertain the supposition that I have it in my power to afford amusement either to you or to your readers. I am merely "a looker on in Venice"—"a Gentleman of elegant leisure"—a would-be Corinthian Tom on a small scale, and contrive to have my full share of all the fun that is going on, whether it be a long run after the hounds, a route with 800 hundred invitations, an assembly, (God save the mark), on a non-play night at the National Theatre, or the fantastic tricks of those merry rogues, the players, at the same establishment, when "the play's the thing;" these funniments, seasoned with an occasional bottle of Captain Cox's old Madeira, Hock or Champaigne from Gadsby's well stocked cellar, or a little drop of Curracoa or Maraschino, at Favier's, constitute Life in Washington, to those, who like me, eschew politics and the all-pervading topic of the French war.

The weather has been for the past fortnight dreadfully severe, to the infinite joy of Messrs. the sleigh and hack drivers, who here at this season enjoy the pleasures of terrestial paradise. The snow has the advantage of giving to the Avenue a more than usually lively appearance, for the merry sleigh-bells have music and attraction sufficient to seduce many a "ladye gaye" from their comfortable firesides, to brave the peltings "of the pitiless storm," and perhaps to hear the tale of love whispered in their not unwilling ears, by some juvenile *attaché*, or if highly *distingué*, some German count "bearded like the Pard," or some bewhiskered half-pay Captain in the Blunt-und-Gutz hussars, or Tausend tenfel tirrailleurs. Sleighing is all the rage; we have many parties from a distance, and among others, one consisting of fourteen ladies and gentlemen, all the way from Buffalo, a journey that would appal the hearts of the most adventurous in this degenerate section of the country, especially, as if in this case, to be performed i an open sleigh.

The theatres, although the only p'aces of amusement open, are almost entirely deserted, and even ABBOTT, with all his friends—and he contrived to make friends of every man, woman and child in the place—could not contrive to get together even a tolerable assemblage on his night, for the which he soundly rated the Washingtonians, and that not without justice on his side; for let me inform you, that of all the stars at the National Theatre, HERR CLINE, the rope-dancer excepted, not one has proved sufficiently attractive to repay the enterprising managers, Maywood & Co., whose exertions in establishing the drama in a superior style, deserved a very different result. The house is really magnificent, carpeted and cushioned at all points, comfortably heated and brilliantly lighted.—The stock company is not first rate, but really possesses much merit, and in its the female department, unsurpassed. We have Mrs. HUGHES for our tragedy queens, Mrs. ROGERS, a "Scotch Lassie," for our comedy ladies, Mrs. KNIGHT, who is pretty enough to inspire even that class of proverbially stupid people, yclept in green room parlance, walking gentleman, with love of a more than ordinary warmth, and Mrs. MACKENZIE, (a sister of your Mrs. Chapman), who, in the characters of maiden aunts and antiquated spinsters, is not to be surpassed, if equalled, out of the Park theatre. Throughout the whole season I have seen no performance that has afforded me so much pleasure as this lady's enactment of "Mrs. Malaprop," with the exceptions of WALLACK's "Master Walter," MAYWOOD's "Johnnie Howieson," and BURTON's "McSudden,"—all gems in their way. This is no small praise, but it is universally conceded here, and we are no contemptible judges in dramatic matters, having ever been accustomed to first rate companies, although the drama has never been properly patronised. It was here that the favor of the judicious few first brought into notice the talents of Adams, Ingersoll, and Mrs. Chapman, who were together here stock actors in Jefferson's company of comedians, but who have now reached the top of their profession, an advancement I prophecy for Mesdames MacKenzie, Rogers, Knight, should they ever be removed hence to the more genial soil of New-York or Boston.

The old theatre, now christened "the American," (why, I cannot conceive, as most of the actors and the manager are English), has also been a losing concern, perhaps deservedly so. It was opened by WEMYSS, avowedly out of opposition to MAYWOOD; but on the "cheap and nasty" principle which alone is fitted to the capabilities of the house, which was originally intended as a summer theatre, and is, of course, curiously contrived to admit the fresh air at all points.—BOOTH played two farewell engagements—each of them "previous to his departure for Europe," which induced the lieges to disburse their coppers, but with the exception of the nights that he played, the house was literally deserted. A showy bill tempted me there on one of those severely cold nights of last week along with some four or five other unhappy wights, into a theatre where, from excessive cold, the oil had frozen in the lamps, and left us in a sort of darkness visible. The solitary stove was hemmed in by a crowd of doorkeepers and supernumeraries, while a troop of boys were stamping about on the bare floors, in the vain attempt to impart some little warmth to their frozen toes—the absence "of proper officers to preserve the peace," enabling them to do this "*sans peur et sans reproche.*" The company has some talent in it. Wemyss is himself one of the best actors in the country as a comedian, with a Mr. FIELD, (not your friend "Joe" FIELD), who is more than respectable in tragedy, as Collins and Watson are in their respective lines. A Miss Booth is the principal actress, whose grand merit lies in a pretty face and a symmetrical figure; and a Miss Anderson, chattered away in the character of a "petticoat arranger," in a most lively and piquante style, while the few persons present "clapped their chopped hands." "I could have laughed, but durst not, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the cold air." Wemyss has discovered that discretion is the better part of valour, and consequently closes to-morrow, having fed full his revenge at the expense of his pocket.

Maywood shows every disposition to encourage the National Drama; he produced CUSTIS' play of "Pocahontas" on Saturday last, in great style, which afforded so much satisfaction to a well-filled house that their delight boiled over in a unanimous shout for the author, who is much loved here. When the veteran appeared, he addressed his hearers in a short but eloquent speech, (and he is one of the best extemporaneous speakers I have ever heard), to which they responded in three hearty cheers. The applause of the audience at the succession of beautiful and characteristic Indian dresses, (furnished to the managers by Major HOOK, from his own collection, and by Mr. WARD, from the Indian Bureau), gave us no opportunity of judging of the merits of the composition; but it will doubtless be frequently repeated, and if this scrawl finds favor in your eyes, I shall in my next indulge in a more lengthened comment on it.

FOR THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

MONTGOMERY.—BY F. L. WADDELL.

Uprose the moon, in peerless pride,
Over *St. Lawrence'* rapid tide.—
Tremendous, in their regal might,
The bulwarks stern of England stand;
On old *St. Lewis* streams the light,
With golden beauty, clear and bland;
While turret bold, and bastion high,
Uplifted by a giant rock,
With castled walls that mock the sky,
Defy the assailants' charging shock:
For Nature all her aid hath lent
To esplanade and battlement.

Within that cannon-breasted fort,
More than two centuries ago,
Champlain the patriot held his court,
Though rang the war-whoop wild below:
For from the bleak Canadian clime,
Down to the mild Carribean sea,
Over the red men's land sublime,
Triumphant shone the *Fleur de lis*.—
And there the gallant Frontenac,
When Gallia ruled the vast domain,
Hurl'd the invading lion back,
In William and Queen Mary's reign;
When mirth, and song, and merry dance,
Re-echoed from those warlike towers,
And laughing dames from sunny France,
Illumed the soldier's dreary hours.—
And there the banner of Montcalm
Waved from the towering citadel,
Till on the plains of Abraham
Wolfe, the immortal hero, fell:
And Britain's dauntless grenadiers
Tore from the French that snow-white plume
Which they had worn for fifty years,
And placed it on their leader's tomb.—
And now beneath that rampart high
As bold a phalanx are array'd
As they who made the Frenchman fly,
To dare the dangerous escalade;
Awaiting for the moon's decline,
The arm'd redoubts resolved to scorn;
In valor's fadeless list to shine,
Or perish in the hope forlorn—

Though cold the winter-blast is howling,
And deep in snow their pathway lies,
Above them bristling cannon scowling,
And destiny around them flies.—
Oh! memory fondly loves to turn
To those renown'd ancestral days,
When they who sleep 'neath glory's urn
The flag of freedom dared to raise;
When, like that sweet and fragrant flower,
Which, trampled on, will brighter shine,
Though crush'd by a tyrannic power
Rebellion grew with strength divine,
For dark Oppression's mighty host:
Had struggled through the Atlantic sea,
And brought her armies to our coast,
To crush thy spirit, Liberty!
Then loud to arms the clarion call'd,
As freedom's war-note roused the land;
Thy brave *Colombia*, unappalled,
Came at the warning, sword in hand,
The hunter, from the far-off hills,
With rifle true obey'd the call;
The settler left his peaceful rills,
The lad his oxen in the stall,
And armed with pitchfork for the fray,
The lover left the maiden's charms
Resolved to drive the foe away
Or ne'er be welcomed to her arms.

O'er stream and vale the conflict broke!
While hill to hill responsive spoke,
In startling echoes, long and loud—
O'er freedom terror wrapt her cloud,
Till stream'd resplendant o'er the fight,
As blushing rose the orb of light,
Before its heaven-descended fires,
That standard which the world admires!
"What is it, mother?" asked her boy,
When glory bid the banner rise,
Delighted at her eager joy,
As flashed its splendors to the skies!
"It is thy country's flag, my child;
Then swear by it with zeal to stand;
For foreign soldier's have defiled
The altars of thy native land."
Then old and young, from far and near,
Swore, by the standard of the brave,
To curb Oppression's fierce career,
Or fill a hero's honored grave!
Then on the heights of Bunker Hill—
On Saratoga's fatal plain—
By Brandywine's encrimsoned rill,
And many a battle-field of slain,
That starlit-flag in beauty rose,
Victorious over freedom's foes.
Awed by the lightning of its ray,
The lion trembled with dismay;
And, driven to his castled height,
Blazed his artillery on the free,
Who, on the glacis, at midnight,
Were led by brave Montgomery.
Along the narrow dark defile—
Below the scarped, o'erhanging rock—
His phalanx move in gallant style,
When bursts the thundering battle-shock.
In vain they mount the guarded walls,
And danger's barriers boldly scale:—
Columbia's dauntless hero falls
Before destruction's sweeping gale!
And, hollily, we whisper o'er
That martyr'd hero's sainted name,
Who, on St. Lawrence' classic shore,
Died in the outstretched arms of Fame.

Oft, pausing by the hero's tomb,
With reverence the good will pray,
That fadeless be the soldier's bloom,
Whose spirit glory called away.
And if, perchance, the fate of war
Should pass a foeman by his grave,
In peace they'll tread his ashes o'er
In honor to the youthful brave.
With freedom's warriors he shall live,
While her blue mountains kiss the skies;
For Liberty will ever give
A wreath to him who for her dies.
While guards the eagle her proud clime,
Shall grateful patriots speak of thee,
And Glory, on her scroll sublime,
Engrave thy name, *Montgomery!*

Mrs. Trollope, who is at present in Paris, is said to have put the spirit-stirring people of that gay capital on the *qui vive*, in consequence of a threat to expose all their absurd frivolities in a work to be published in England.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

Office No. 171 Broadway, Corner of Courtlandt-street.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 27, 1836.

The Mails to Mobile and New-Orleans.

The injury we each week experience from the irregularity of the mails between New-York and the two great cities of the far South, is so serious, and promises to be so fatal to our interests, that we cannot forbear making loud complaint. Not one in three of our papers reach our New-Orleans or Mobile friends; and in each of those cities, we are proud to say, we have troops of them. Human endurance is not capable of sustaining the losses we do from this one source, without protesting against the injustice. The support of our paper and ourself is thus cut off by inches, without any ability on our parts of providing against it. Seriously do we beg to remonstrate against the excessive irregularity of the great Southern mail.

Our subscribers at the South may be assured that we do every thing in our power to secure the early and safe transmission of their papers.

Patronizing a Hotel.—A "hard boy" arrived in town the other day, and entered his name at one of the hotels. Returning to his lodgings very late in the evening from the theatre, he had some difficulty in finding a bed. After kicking up a servant, the twain set out for the stranger's room; and they had so many flights of stairs to ascend, that, notwithstanding the waiter had the precaution to take a long candle with him, it was half burned out before they had reached more than half way up; when both, fearful of being left in the dark, prudently descended. By the time they had reached the lower floor again, the candle had burnt out—so the sufferer has it—and he finally threw himself upon a sofa, "to sleep it into morning." Walking up to the bar after breakfast the next morning, he told the landlord the accommodations of the house were so much beyond praise, that if he would pay him twenty dollars, the next time he passed through the city, he would patronize him.

The "Pink-eyed Club!"—There's a name for ye! The name and fame of this mysterious Club is beginning to be noised abroad mightily in the land; and well it may be, for a more jovial crew of roystering hearty old cocks never buttered potatoes. Old Kit North would have immortalized it in Blackwood long since, had he dreamed of its existence, or inhaled the revivifying odour of a roasted "Pink-eye." Instead of "*Noctes Ambrosianæ*," the world would have resounded with "*Noctes Marshianæ*," from Capt. Symmes' Hole to the jumping-off-place beyond sun-down. As we may not "tell tales out of school," we stop here, leaving it to the curious to ascertain the whereabouts and the doings of the Gotham "*Pink-eyed Club!*"

☞ The Boston Morning Post in speaking of the scarcity of printers in Bangor, alleges that several papers have been suspended for lack of journeymen. We should like to exchange a few dozen of the latter with our Maine friends for as many reams of good paper. The supply in this market decreases daily, and no later than three days since one of the oldest publishers of a daily paper offered us two dollars advance, or *any price* for a week's supply. We intend to die game, and while a sheet is to be had for love or money, shall make our appearance, though we are indebted to a neighbor's kindness for that used this week. If his own supply gives out, we *are* done up, for there is not a ream left in the different warehouses of our size, and without we print on wrapping paper "there is no balm in Gilead." The reader will please to understand from all this that if we should fail, by any unheard of calamity, to appear in a decent guise, or what is worse, not at all! (Oh miracle of afflicting dispensations!) that it is because there is not a lot of paper in Gotham of the size of an Owl Creek counterfeit bill to be distinguished in color from a black dog's nose.

Washington Grey's Ball.—Every body is talking of, the grand ball given by Col. Morris' regiment, in honor of Washington's birth day, at Niblo's Saloon. The decorations are spoken of as surpassing in splendor even those of last year on the same occasion. The company was numerous, brilliant, and fashionable; sparkling eyes, radiant smiles, and rose entwined tresses, mingled charmingly with the glitter of the uniforms, and shed a sweet influence over the military array by which they were encircled. About six hundred were seated at once at the supper table, which was laid out in the summer promenade which was embellished with shrubs, plants, and flowers, of every hue and variety, shedding around the odours of Araby the blest, and delighting the eye and the senses with their beauty and fragrance. The popularity of these military *galas*, we are glad to learn, induced some of the *belles* of the evening to request an *encore* of the festival, on a more extensive scale, in order that by more ample accommodations and preparations, those who were prevented from attending, by the limited issue of tickets, might have an opportunity of participating in a scene from which all returned delighted and gratified.

The Caledonian Ball on Tuesday last, was got up in a style worthy of those who had the management of it. It recalled to many the scenes of their youth, to observe the Lads and Lasses in the costume of their native soil, parading the Ball Room to the martial music of the Highland Bagpipes. His Honor, the Mayor, was present and joined in one of the Grand Marches; and before retiring expressed himself highly gratified with the Ball, and with the Kilt and Feather.

"I've got sich a good 'un!"—Here it is, from the Paris Advertiser, a new English paper, got up in opposition to Galignani and his clique:—

Ardour in Betting.—Two gentlemen at a tavern having summoned the waiter, the poor fellow had scarcely entered, when he fell down in a fit of apoplexy. "He's dead!" exclaimed one. "He'll come to!" replied the other. "Dead for five hundred!" "Done!" retorted the second. The noise of the fall, and the confusion which followed, brought up the landlord, who called out to fetch a doctor. "No! no! we must have no interference—there's a bet depending!" "But, sir, I shall lose a valuable servant!" "Never mind! you can put him down in the bill!"

Advertisements.—An impression seems to have been entertained, by two or three gentlemen abroad, that advertisements of Races, sales of Horses, etc., were inserted *Gratis* (!) in the Spirit of the Times, and were "pretty-considerably struck up," when they received a good thumping bill for the same. We wonder they did not expect us to throw in the paper, too, as they claimed to be sporting men. It would require "a great stroke of business," we fancy, to earn a livelihood on this principle of working for nothing and finding one's self. That there may be no misunderstanding hereafter on this point—as there should not have been heretofore, for our terms of advertising were inserted regularly—we beg to premise to all and singular that an advertisement *in the Spirit of the Times*, will be charged at the rate of $3 per square (92 lines) for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each continuance; or $15 per annum, for one square of 22 lines, *on the cover*. As our advertising space in the paper is limited, those notices that find a place will, of course, be more read, than if enshrouded with advertisements of patent tooth-pullers, hair oil, skin plasters, and the like. Besides, advertisers of Horses, Sweepstakes, etc., should remember that, in the first place, our paper is read from one end of the Union to the other, and that there is hardly a sportsman in the country who does not see it. Indeed—and we say it with no little pride and gratification—it would be difficult to designate a distinguished Turfite or Breeder in the Union, who is not a subscriber to the Spirit of the Times.

The Jehus of New Jersey have been making a great display, during the recent fine sleighing, of their proficiency in handling the ribbons and tooling a long team of spirited roadsters. Sanderson drove *sixteen* fine grey horses before a stage, two abreast, in hand, from Newark to Elizabethtown. Pounden drove six bays and six greys, from Rahway to Jersey City, as did also Smith—one of whom drove a return stage with *twenty-four*.

The Albany Daily Advertiser states, that Theodore Dwight, Jr., is the author of Maria Monk's "Awful Disclosures." The "saucy Herald" has been "walking into" the whole concern—affidavit makers and all. Bennett says—

We have seen, talked, and shaken hands with Maria Monk. More anon. Mr Theodore Dwight, Jr., cannot get ahead of us. As Billy Black says, "We never give nothin' up."

When the Herald does "flare up," we shall have some rare fun.

Captain Pennoyer.—The Messrs. Marquands, jewellers, Broadway, have recently exhibited in their magnificent establishment a very tasteful and superb *Silver Trumpet*, which the passengers of the steamer Dolphin are about to present to Capt. P., as an enduring testimonial of their respect for him as a man, and as a token of their gratitude for the intrepidity, coolness, and seamanship, displayed by him during the gale off Cape Look Out, on their passage from Norfolk to Charleston. The trumpet, which is a very chaste and beautiful piece of workmanship, bears the following inscription:—

PRESENTED BY THE PASSENGERS
TO
CAPTAIN JAMES PENNOYER,
OF THE
STEAMBOAT DOLPHIN,
AS A TESTIMONIAL OF THEIR ESTEEM FOR HIS SKILL AND INTREPIDITY
DURING THE
SEVERE GALE OFF CAPE LOOK OUT,
ON THE NIGHT OF THE
EIGHTEENTH SEPTEMBER, 1835,
ON THE VOYAGE FROM NORFOLK TO CHARLESTON.

The Captain—perhaps you know him?—if not, then "you better had, now;" for he's a seaman, every inch of him—an all-sorts of a good fellow, and a gentleman to boot! He is universally popular with his passengers, being kind and attentive to a proverb: indeed, we don't think the gallant Captain the least "available candidate" for President. On the whole, finally, and to conclude, he is *the genuine article*; and if ever you catch *him* "bustin' his byler," it will be—after this.

Our latest Confidential Letter from "The Girls Up-town."

Dear Mr. Editor.—We are tickled to death with your new paper—it looks grand I declare.—Father lost so much at the fire, that he has stopped all the papers but yours; which he wont give up no how, since you have done the handsome thing. If you would send a man up this way he could get a thousand subscribers; for every body is borrowing ours, till they have nearly worn the cover off.

You can't think what nice times we have had this sleighing. Oh my—the rides we have had. I can tell something 'twill make you jump if you havn't heard it. Do you know that Sis is engaged? It's a fact, and it all happened at a sleigh-ride. We had a grand party, with some of your down-town beaux—went out to Burnham's, and Harlaem—danced,—had a supper,—staid most all night,—had lots of fun, and champaigne, and cake, and ever since Sis has been engaged. Mr. B., her man, didn't seem to care much for her, till along in the evening, when we began the waltzing, and Sis did her best—he couldn't stand it, so he right out and popped the question, and 'twas all over in five minutes. They looked a little sheepish for a while, but we kept up the fun, and had whiskey-punch, and I thought my soul we all should get engaged, one while, but I believe Sis was the only real one, though there was some pretty tough things said to most all of us—but you know men aint apt to remember much what they say when they are waltzing, and have taken a little something. My partner set me a blushing with his questions and squeezing my hand, but I had determined to say no, so I am glad on the whole, he didn't exactly come out with it.

Who wrote all that story about "*monsters*" in your last paper? I wonder he didn't say something about that horrible old monster *Mackie*, for he is certainly the nastiest old wretch in this world. They say he is gone to Scotland, where he came from. Father says "he had better take a peep at those old maids of Glasgow, who sent the abolitionists over here." I don't think any body would envy him very much—Do you? A birds-eye view would do, I guess, for they must be pretty scraggly old tags, the best of them.

Oh! do tell—if you believe one word about the "*awful disclosures*" in the Montreal Nunnery? I never read any thing like it. They seemed to make nothing of killing a nun or two and half a dozen babies before breakfast. I guess them bald-headed fellows would have their hands full, to treat some girls that I know in that manner. The people ought to look into this matter, and either make the nuns and monks marry and take care of their brats, or turn them all out. They say Maria Monk isn't none of the best—and I should think so by her own telling. She will never make us believe that she thought it was all right to do quite all she did, because the monks said so. I knew they called the monks "fathers and brothers," but I never knew the reason of it till I read this book.—What do they mean by a *lay brother?* Mother is as mad as mustard because they are trying to lay this story to the Methodists—you know we attend that Church. They say all the Aldermen and a great many women, have been to see Miss Monk at the Alms-House, and that she tells pretty much the same story. Father wont let us go, but we don't care much as we suspect its like that moon story you Editors got up last Summer—all a sham.

When you come up to see us don't let Sis know you have heard of her engagement—for she thinks its a secret, though her man's here pretty much all the time. Be up Sunday evening and go to church with us—they are going to sing an Anthem, and take up a collection for the Magdalen Society—so come. Adieu!

THE GIRLS UP TOWN.

"Very like a Whale!"—The Boston Post says, "The editor of the Portland Courier has caught a whale six hundred feel long." The Post forgot to say that the Portland man fished with a lightning rod, baited with his wife's red flannel petticoat.

Astor's Hotel.—The workmen have made such rapid progress with this building, that all the basement stores will be ready for occupation on the 4st of May ensuing, and upwards of seventy rooms will by that time be completely finished. It will probably be in full operation by the 1st of April.

"*Not slow.*"—Edward B. Hicks, on a wager, walked last week from Brooklyn to Hempstead, twenty-one miles, in four hours and fifty minutes, through the snow, encountering very severe weather the entire distance.

Atwill's Music Saloon.—We would call the attention of our Musical Readers to the advertisement on the 8th page of this day's paper, of *Atwill's Music Saloon* and *Piano Forte Warehouse*, which has now taken the lead in the sale of *Fashionable Piano Fortes*, &c. &c. Country merchants will find it much to their advantage to preserve the advertisement, and give Atwill a call when they visit New-York.

☞ The reader will find a variety of Editorial articles and a letter from our Washington Correspondent on the 10th page.

Mr. Wells, whose institution for the cure of Stammering we noticed some time since, is meeting with the most perfect success. His rooms at the Western Hotel, Courtland-st, are crowded; and if people will not go and be cured, now they are assured it can be affected, they deserve to st-tut-tut-tut-stammer for the rest of their days.

Poor old *Joicé Heth* has gone—not the way of all *flesh*, for flesh she had none—but gone dead, at the age of one hundred and sixty-two.

They are brisk at all sorts of business in Lynn. We copy, from the last Mirror of that town, the following advertisement:—"Wanted, Ten Wet Nurses. Apply immediately to the Editor." Beat this who can!

A Specimen of London Advertisements.—Wanted, a girl in consumption, to stand at the door of a Methodist chapel. No objection if two should apply.

A young man of respectability, with a swelled knee, who has a taste for drawing, and writes a fine hand, is willing to engage as a partner in any "pavement chalking" concern.

A well-trained dog, for a blind man, walks on three legs, with numerous other accomplishments—and which would excite universal compassion.

In the late duel between Messrs. Caldwell and Gwynn, at Clinton, Miss., 400 persons were present as spectators. Caldwell died in about two hours. Gwynn received a glancing ball in the fleshy part of the chest, and is recovering.

National Achievement.—A gentleman by the name of Robinson recently won a wager of £500 by rowing from London Bridge to Erith and back in 5½ hours, distance 40 miles. He performed the task very handsomely, much within the time, though encountering the swell in the river occasioned by the steamers.

An English Sailor's "Strike."—The comminder of the General Ernouf (French sloop of war) hailed the Reynard sloop, Captain Coghlan, in English, to strike. "Strike!" replied Coghlan, "that I will and very hard!" He struck so hard, that in thirty five minutes his shot set the enemy, on fire and in ten minutes more he blew up. True to the school in which he had been taught, Capt. Coghlan now displayed equal energy in endeavoring to rescue the vanquished enemy, and by great energy, 55, out of a crew of 100, were ultimately saved.

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

The Watsons.—Mrs. and Miss Watson have just completed an engagement which has been successful to a degree for the season. Since the Woods left, no one has drawn like these beautiful vocalists.

Miss Watson is well known on our stage already. With a charming little person, a lovely dimple, and the archest smile, she plays the deuce with the hearts of the young play-goers. She takes a benefit on Wednesday, and will have a crowded house. Her *Poll* is a delightful performance, and we have a great desire to see it played to a regular 1$500 house. Let every one go, who would hear a lovely woman discourse most eloquent music.

Mrs. Watson has made a hit. Save only the incomparable Mrs. Wood—so soon, alas! to leave us!—she is far before any *cancatrice* in America. Not unlike Miss S. Philips in contour of person, she frequently reminds us of that retired favorite in the execution of her music. We like the quality of her voice, and her graceful management of it. Many of her songs are perfect gems in their way. But we are in too discordant a mood this morning to discourse on the magic of sweet sounds, and so leave the subject.

Reeve opens at the Park on Monday in his best characters and will be succeeded by "*The Jewess*," which is underlined at both Bowery and Franklin for Monday. Miss Watson's benefit is fixed for Wednesday, and should be a bumper. By the way some penny-a-liner, intending to be excessively civil and complimentary to Mrs. Watson, congratulatad her the other day in being the happy mother of so charming a daughter! The fact created a hearty laugh at the poor wight's expense, as "the happy mother" happens to be only five years the elder of the "charming daughter."

John R. Scott and Pickering, (*on dit*) are no longer of the Bowery. Pray, Mr. Hamblin, when are we to have Booth again?

Mr. Hackett is going through his favorite line of Yankee characters at the Park, and at the conclusion of his present engagement sails again for Europe.

Dinneford has lately given a thumping benefit to the sufferers by the late fire.—It's just like him.

Mrs. Fanny (Kemble) Butler.—It was generally reqorted in town that this lady with her husband and child had sailed for Europe in the packet of the 16th from Philadelphia, but a paragraph in the Evening Star of Thursday says she does not leave until April. It is understood she has been for sometime engaged upon a new tragedy for the London boards and rumor says she is to sustain the principal character herself. John Bull will give her a cordial reception, no doubt.

On Dit.—A beautiful piece of plate is being prepared, intended as a present to a professional lady. Boston Morning Post.

Two to one we name her. If the *initials* of her name are not Mary Wood, then he of the Post is not so *Greene* as we are—that's all.

Yankee Hill is "a-cutting it fat" in New-Orleans, at Caldwell's. The *Orleanois* think him as cute as any nutmeg-pedlar that ever *drav* a cart of notions from Weathersfield, or swopped jack-knives with a Barkhamstead deacon.

Wm. Duffy, Esq., our managerial friend of the Albany theatre, whom we reported last week as probably dead from his wounds, we hear is likely to recover. The fact will afford sincere gratification to a wide circle of friends and acquaintances.

Theatrical Portraits.—The publication of these pen and ink sketches of eminent dramatic performers, will commence the moment we conclude our Turf statistics, which will occupy but two or three weeks more at farthest. Several "Portraits" have already received the final touch and revision of the artist, and only wait the opening of the Gallery, to be hung up in their appropriate places. Meanwhile, the friends of the several candidates for immortality (in the Spirit of the Times), who have offered to furnish us with facts, scraps, and oddities, in relation to their favorites, will oblige us, please them, and do a good-natured thing, by sending them in to us immediately.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

One in a Thousand; or The Days of Henri Quatre. By the author of "Richelieu," "Darnley," &c., 2 vols. 12mo. New-York, Harper & Brothers.

How teeming with fancy must be the brain of G. P. R. James! Scarce a moon has waned, since we noticed *The Gipsy*, and here we have another sterling novel in his own style. Thinking it inferior to some of his previous produce we can say with sincerity that it is much better than many of the others which have won for him the splendid title of the best historical romance writer of the age. We need remark upon this last book—James has written it, and we must all read it, or pass for dolts.

The Magazines.—If it could interest a reader, or advance the circulation of our popular monthlies, to comment upon their contents, we should do so with pleasure; for we have pored over all three. Our own columns will show what value we set upon the *Knickerbocker*. We may take the opportunity to remark upon a curious article in the *Literary Messenger* on *Autography*. It is not a prosing dissertation on autographs and chirography, but a collection consisting of some scores of the signatures of all the great literary names in our country—from Channing and Halleck, down to *Orator Emmons*. 'Tis a very amusing paper—worth, of itself, the price of the magazine.

The British Reviews.—There can be no more valuable reprint of English literature than Mr. Foster's Reviews. The elevated position which the great Quarterlies hold among all men of science and learning—acquired, too, on most solid grounds—makes a familiarity with them as indispensible as with the standard models of literature. At the same time, we know of no class of writings which better cherish a love of letters among young scholars: from their nature, the articles possess the interest of novelty, while the extreme beauty and brilliancy of the style commends the profound discussion into which the reviewers often go. A general circulation of these reviews in our country, we regard as extremely desirable, for the purpose of diffusing a taste for learning higher and purer than that fostered by the thousand issues from a fashionable novel-publishing-house. Mr. Foster's reprints are exceedingly beautiful, and exceedingly cheap—the cheapest in *price* in these days of cheap literature, but far the most valuable for solid merit.

Sir Walter Scott's Works.—Messrs. Conner & Cooke have in press the last volume of their splendid uniform edition of Scott's Works, consisting of his Periodical Criticism upon Poetry and Romance. It will be published by the 1st of May.

Leap Year and its usages.—Last New Year's Eve a ball was given in a small village in Vermont, which was attended by the gallant and fair in the whole township. At the hour of twelve the beaux were struck aghast by an undreamed of insurrection. The ladies by a unanimous movement took possession of the floor, and insisted on their right to manage the ball, pinning the poor gent's to the wall, and selecting such for partners as suited their tastes. The ball and the night rolled on until near daylight, when in came the landlord, with the bill. Here was a quandary; the ladies could not *balance* or *foot* this; the gentlemen danced *back to back*, and vowed they had nothing to do with the matter; until finally "one lady forward twice," "one gentleman do the same," led to an arrangement honorable to all parties.—*Buffalo Whig.*

"What is the matter, uncle Jerry," said Mr.——, as old Jeremiah R—— was passing by, growling most ferociously. "Matter," said the old man, stopping short—"why, here I've been lugging water all the morning, for Dr. C——'s wife to wash with, and what d'ye s'pose I got for it?" "Why, I suppose about ninepence," answered Mr——. Ninepence be——! she told me the Doctor would *pull a tooth* for me some time!!" [Bangar Mechanic.

Yankee Trick.—It is a well-known fact among horse-jockies, that the sign of a young horse is the hollowness of his teeth. Aware of this fact, a "regular Down Easter chap," who wanted to raise the wind, took an old horse that was superannuated, and after filing his teeth level, burnt hollows in them with a hot iron, without inflicting pain on the animal, and thus gave them the appearance of young teeth. He posted away to New-York, and succeeded in *chaffing* the dealers beyond all expectation. We have heard since that he intends to grind his whole stock young again after the same manner. Albany Transcript.

Deer.—The snow is so deep in Pennsylvania, that it is apprehended a great number of deer will perish for want of food, and from the difficulty of getting about. It is stated in a print, that several have been killed in the swamps by men who went in search of them on snow-shoes, and butchered them without difficulty. Upon being approached, the deer would give a jump or two, and yield to their fate without a struggle. This is not only unlawful, but unmanly and cruel.

"What a swell you cut in your new frock-coat!" said a friend to a wit. "Don't you like it?" replied he—"I am quite wrapped up in it."

Rice (Jim Crow) lately advertised for one hundred and fifty Americans, to act in one of his negro pieces at New-Orleans.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF AMERICAN WINNING HORSES FOR 1835.—THREE MILE HEATS.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

NAME.	COLOR.	AGE.	SIRE.	DAM.	OWNED OR ENTERED BY	PURSE.	STAKES	WEIGHT.	TIME.	BEATING THE UNDER-NAMED HORSES.	COURSE.	DATE.
Ætna	br. f.	4	Monsieur Tonson	By Sir Charles	James Pryor	$100		97 *lbs.*	5:52	Jane, Corinna.	Chilicothe, Ohio	Oct. 22
American Citizen	b. c.	3	Marion	By Harwood	Col. Jas. J. Pittman		$900	86 "	6:15—6:12	Mary Lucas.	Tallahassee, Florida	Dec. 15
American Citizen	b. c.	3	Marion	By Harwood	Col. Jas. J. Pittman	600		86 "	6:20—6:17	Peter Davis, Diomeda.	Tallahassee, Florida	Dec. 18
Angora	ch. f.	3	Leviathan	Patty Puff	Gen. Robert Desha		8000	83 "	6:26—6:21	Get of Leviathan, Locomotive, Stockholder, and Henry Tonson.	Nashville, Tenn.	Oct. 5
Argyle	br. c.	4	Monsieur Tonson	Thistle	George Walden	1000		102 "	5:46—5:51	Rattlesnake, Alborak, Rushlight.	Charleston, S. C.	Feb. 9
Black Heath	bl. c.	4	Sir Archie	By Sir Hal	Richard Adams	500		100 "	5:56—5:57	Juliana, Ariadne, Tan Shang, b. m. by Gohanna.	Broad Rock, Va.	Oct. 1
Black Heath	bl. c.	4	Sir Archie	By Sir Hal	Richard Adams	500		104 "	5:57—6:03	Monmouth.	Trenton, N. J.	Nov. 12
Camsidel	b. f.	4	Industry	Arethusa	James B. Kendall	300		97 "	6:02—6:01	Skylark, Pedlar, Hannah Butler, Deposite.	Charlestown, Va.	Sept. 25
Camsidel	b. f.	4	Industry	Arethusa	Thomas J. Godman	500		97 "	5:50—5:59—5:59	Gimcrack, Robin Brown, Ecarte, The Captain.	Washington, D. C.	Oct. 15
Canteen	c. c.	4	Hotspur		R. Kent	350		100 "	6:06—6:17	Tristram Shandy, Alroy.	Bowling Green, Va.	Sept. 17
Caroline Scott	b. f.	4	Sir Archie	Ophelia	Sidney Burbridge	500		97 "	6:00—7:52	Catharine Ogle, Waxey, Jun.	Louisville, Ky.	Oct. 2
Caroline Scott	b. f.	4	Sir Archie	Ophelia	Sidney Burbridge	200		91 "	5:55—6:02	Adam Huntsman, Husslecap.	Lexington, Ky.	Oct. 15
Charles Kemble	b. h.	5	Sir Archie	By Gallatin	Col. Wm. R. Johnson	500		110 "	5:55—5:22	Sally Ewbanks, Dick Beaseley, Rosalie Somers, Maid of the Neck.	Central Course, Md.	May 21
Charlotte Temple	br. m.	aged	Bertrand		D. Stockton	150		121 "	6:06—6:06	Partnership, Burdock, Big Ben, Klepper, Woppocommo.	Moorefield, Va.	Nov. 28
Columbia Taylor	gr. f.	4	Medley	Virginia	Joseph Helling	400		97 "		Sidney, Black Heath.	Philadelphia, Pa.	Nov. 19
Contract, Jun.	b. c.	3	Contract	Dolly Dixon	E. M. Mallory	180		86 "	7:07—6:30	Blackstreak, Centre, Jno. Richards, Jun.	Diamond Grove, Ill.	May 21
Country Maid	b. m.	6	Pacific	By Grey Tail	James W. Camp	200		115 "	6:9	Little Red.	Huntsville, Ala.	May 14
Clara Howard	b. m.	4	Barefoot	Alarm	John C. Stevens	500		101 "	5:47—5:45	Henry Archy, Charles Kemble.	Union Course, L. I.	June 5
Effie	gr. f.	4	Pirate	By Consul	John T. Zeilly	150		97 "		Utility, John Bolton, Highlander.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	May 27
Eliza Drake	ch. m.	6	Shawnee	By Saltram	P. B. Starke	400		115 "	6:16—6:11	Profit.	Lawrenceville, Va.	April 16
Eliza Clay	gr. m.	5	Monsieur Tonson	By Eagle	Wm. M'Cargo	550		107 "	5:50—5:57	Sidi Hamet, Patrick Henry. [Sidi Hamet.	Lynchburgh, Va.	Sept. 22
Eliza Clay	gr. m.	5	Monsieur Tonson	By Eagle	Wm. M'Cargo	540		107 "		Donna Maria, Maid of Southampton, Willie Walker, Canteen, Michigan,	Danville, Va.	Oct. 9
Fanny Cline	b. m.	5	Sir Archie	By Gallatin	P. B. Starke	400		107 "	6:01—5:58	Prophet, Calmuc.	Bellfield, Va.	April 21
Fanny Kemble	b. f.	3	Bertrand	By Palafox	Col. A. L. Bingaman	500		83 "		*Walked over.*	Natchez, Miss.	Dec. 3
Fanny Richards	br. f.	4	Maryland Eclipse	Betsey Richards	Col. P. Fitzsimmons	600		99 "	6:06—6:13	Herr Cline, Eutaw, Seaflower.	Columbia, S. C.	Jan. 15
Governor M'Duffie	gr. c.	4	Blind Jackson	By Medley	Marcus D. Vance	350		100 "	6:13—6:10	Smoloff, Queen Adelaide.	Columbus, Ga.	April 13
Hualpa	gr. c.	3	Johnson's Medley	By Virginian	Maj. Wm. Eddins	275		90 "	6:30—7:10	Miss Newbury, John Wilson, br. c. by Truffle.	Newbury C. H., S. C.	Nov. 25
Hualpa	gr. c.	3	Johnson's Medley	By Virginian	Maj. Wm. Eddins			90 "	6:10—6:14	Chestatee, Rip Rapps.	Pendleton, S. C.	Oct. 21
Independence	b. c.	4	Bertrand	By St. Tammany	Thos. B. Scruggs	200		100 "	6:20	Major Thomas.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Oct. 23
Ironette	gr. m.	6	Contention	By Pakenham	Col. Wm. R. Johnson	500		115 "	5:55—5:53	Dolly Dixon, Tobacconist, Miner, Mary Lea.	Broad Rock, Va.	April 24
John Beaseley	br. c.	4	Mercury	Nancy Rarity	F. Duplantier	300		100 "	6:48	Paul Jones, Tennessean.	New Iberia, La.	April 23
John Bascomb	c. h.	4	Bertrand	By Pacolet	Col. John Crowell	400		100 "	6:00	Volney.	Columbus, Ga.	Nov. 10
John Bascomb	c. h.	4	Bertrand	By Pacolet	John Blivin	300		100 "	6:52	Samuel O'Rourke.	Montgomery, Ala.	Nov. 17
John Dawson	b. h.	5	Pacific	By Grey Archy	A. Colter	500		110 "	6:01—6:00—6:03	Lauderdale, Tuscahoma, Margery Greer.	Nashville, Tenn.	Oct. 7
Lady Morgan	c. m.	4	John Richards	By Expedition	Capt. Donald Rowe	600		99 "	6:02—6:12	Cut-Throat, Rushlight, Hualpa	Columbia, S. C.	Dec. 23
Lady Jane	s. m.	4	Eclipse		B. C. Bush	200		101 "		Sontag, De Witt Clinton.	Salina, N. Y.	Nov. 3
Laplander	ch. h.	5	Flagellator	By Am. Eclipse	J. Frost	216		110 "	6:15—6:11	Leatherstocking, Contractor, Henry Rush.	Diamond Grove, Ill.	Sept. 30
Laplander	ch. h.	5	Flagellator	By Am. Eclipse	J. Frost	450		110 "		Triumval, Betsey Morton.	St. Louis, Mo.	Oct. 14
Leatherstocking	b. h.	5	Bertrand	By Hamiltonian	Mr. Reeve	150		110 "	6:08—6:10	Hassarac, Sir William.	Terre Haute, Indiana.	Oct. 14
Maid of Southampton	br. m.	6	Monsieur Tonson	By Saltram	P. B. Starke	300		115 "	5:48—:604	Deceiver.	Nottaway C. H., Va.	May 28
Mazeppa	b. c.	4	Hotspur	By Francisco	Maj. J. M. Selden	400		100 "	5:51—5:48	Sally Ewbanks, Lady Connah, Azalia.	Washington, D. C.	May 12
Mazeppa	b. c.	4	Hotspur	By Francisco	Jno. E. Dorsey		2000	100 "	5:56—6:03	Shark.	Central Course, Md.	Oct. 19
Mingo	b. c.	4	Eclipse	By Rattler	Gen. C. Irvine	500		104 "	5:45—5:55	Sidney, Post Boy, St. Leger.	Union Course, L. I.	May 5
Mingo	b. c.	4	Eclipse	By Rattler	Gen. C. Irvine	400		104 "	6:00	Monmouth.	Trenton, N. J.	Sept. 24
Miss Bett	ch. f.	4	Marion	By Gallatin	George Goodwin	500		97 "	6:10—6:15	Tuskeno.	Warrenton, N. C.	Oct. 3
Morris	ch. c.	4	Eclipse	Grand Duchess	Capt. R. F. Stockton	400		104 "	6:01—6:06	Tarquin.	Trenton, N. J.	June 11
Monmouth	b. h.	5	John Richards	Young Nettletop	Capt. R. F. Stockton	500		114 "	5:52—6:01	Alice Grey.	Trenton, N. J.	April 23
Monmouth	b. h.	5	John Richards	Young Nettletop	Capt. R. F. Stockton	500		114 "	6:13—6:00	Tom Moore. [Jones.	Union Course, L. I.	Oct. 7
Nelly Webb	ch. f.	4	Industry	By Young Postboy	C. S. W. Dorsey	400		97 "	6:53-6:24-6:30-6:38	Red Rover, Gimcrack, Robin Brown, Floance, Sir Whitefoot, Ecarte, Tom	Upper Marlboro', Md.	Oct. 7
Ned Bucket	b. h.	5	Director	By Virginian	R. Covington	300		110 "	6:14—6:28	Tam O'Shanter, get of Young Andrew.	Lexington, Ga.	Oct. 29
Orphan Boy	b. h.	5	Bertrand	By Virginia Whip	T. B. Scruggs	100		110 "		*Walked over.*	Chillicothe, Ohio.	May 20
Ohio	b. h.	5	Monsieur Tonson	By Sir Archie	J. S. Garrison	500		110 "		*Walked over.*	Norfolk, Va.	Sept. 24
Patrick	ch. c.	4	Barefoot	By Rattler	C. S. Lloyd	200		104 "	6:16—6:12	John Marshall.	Bordentown, N. J.	Sept. 18
Patrick Henry	gr. h.	4	Medley		John S. Hurt	500		100 "	5:58—5:50	Prophet, Pilot, Canteen.	Lynchburgh, Va.	May 28
Patsey Wallace	ch. m.	5	Alexander	By Robin Gray	Mr. Montmollin	410		94 "	6:01—5:51	Bertrand, Jun., Conrad.	Charleston, S. C.	Feb. 21
Patsey Wallace	ch. m.	5	Alexander	By Robin Gray	T. S. Smith	500		107 "	5:48—5:50—5:55	Jane Bertrand, Chesterfield.	Macon, Ga.	April 1
Powhattan	gr. h.	5	Monsieur Tonson	Iris	J. Van Mater	300		114 "	6:07—6:03—6:28	Blueskin, Dan. O'Connell, Queen Dido, Stranger.	Bordentown, N. J.	May 13
Powhattan	ch. h.	5	Bertrand	By Powhattan	N. G. Fitch	300		110 "	6:07—6:16—6:59	Tam O'Shanter, Governor M'Duffie.	Wellington, Ga.	Oct. 15
Powhattan	ch. h.	5	Bertrand	By Powhattan	N. G. Fitch	300		110 "	5:54—5:55	Turnbull, Ned Bucket, Tam O'Shanter.	Greensboro', Ga.	Nov. 11
Prophet	b. h.	5	Gohanna	By Bag. Arabian	Maj. W. M'Cargo	450		110 "	6:10—6:25	Souter Johnny, Wicked Will.	Oxford, N. C.	May 14
Rattlesnake	b. m.	5	Bertrand	Devil	Wm. G. Haun	600		109 "	5:58—5:54—6:10	Herr Cline, Fanny Richards, Muckle John, Alborak, Eutaw.	Charleston, S. C.	Feb. 19
Rodolph	b. c.	4	Sir Archie	By Moses	Sidney Burbridge	300		102 "	5:54—5:40	Davy Crockett, Alroy, Susan Schroeder.	Louisville, Ky.	June 4
Rosalie Somers	b. m.	4	Sir Charles	Mischief	John M. Botts	400		97 "	5:59—5:58	Dandy, May Dacre, s. c. by Sir Charles.	Mount Clement, Va.	Oct. 16
Sally Ewbanks	b. m.	5	Roanoke	By Contention	James S. Garrison	300		107 "	6:15—5:56	Joshua, Fulton.	Timonium, Md.	June 2
Sally Ewbanks	b. m.	5	Roanoke	By Contention	James S. Garrison	500		107 "	5:57-5:59-5:52-6:00	Juliana, Camsidel, Sir Kenneth, Rosalie Somers.	Central Course, Md.	Oct. 22
Sarah Miller	gr. f.	4	Cherokee	By Whipster	Robert Burbridge	250		91 "	6:00—5:44	Chifney, Alroy.	Madison, Ky.	Sept. 12
Sarah Miller	gr. f.	4	Cherokee	By Whipster	Robert Burbridge	250		91 "		Daniel Webster.	Franklin, Ky.	Oct. 23
Sidney	b. h.	6	Sir Charles		W. S. Stott	400		118 "	55:7	Columbia Taylor.	Philadelphia, Pa.	Nov. 18
Sir William	b. h.	aged	Marylander	By Anvil	Col. F. Thompson	250		124 "	6:00—6:00—6:13	Sumter.	Leonardstown, Md.	Oct. 20
Sontag	br. m.	4	Eclipse		Dr. Phillips	200		101 "		Effie.	Port Renwick, N. Y.	Dec. 8
Stranger	br. h.	5	Valentine	By Defiance	J. H. Holmes				5:55—5:59	Azalia, Patriot.	Monmouth, N. J.	Oct. 27
Tuskeno	b. h.	5	Monsieur Tonson	Creeping Kate	P. B. Starke	500		110 "	6:10—6:15	Miss Bett.	Warrenton, N. C.	Sept. 29
Uncas	ch. h.	aged	Stockholder		D. F. Cooper		3000	114 "	5:59	Gracchus, Black Hawk.	Fayette, Mo.	May 5
Veto	ch. c.	3	Gohanna	By Tom Tough	A. L. Botts	500		90 "	6:06—6:15	Shark, Sidney, Mark Moore, Merry-gold.	Union Course, L. I.	Nov. 7
Wade Hampton	ch. h.	5	Bertrand	By Virginius	Wm. G. Haun	500		110 "	6:05—6:11	Alborak, Black Hawk.	Savannah, Ga.	Jan. 21
Watkins Leigh	b. c.	4	Shakspeare	Kitty Madison	John S. Hurt	400		100 "		Sally Hood, Jack Randolph.	Liberty, Va.	Sept. 9
Waverley	c. g.	aged			Mr. Richards		£105	126 "		Betsey Bedlam, Dan. O'Connell, Competitor.	Montreal, L. C.	Sept. 1
William	b. h.	6	Sir William	By Va. Potomac	D. Thompson	200		118 "	6:06—6:08	Greyfoot.	Crab Orchard, Ky.	Aug. 29
———	b. c.	3	Hephestion		R. Burbridge	400		80 "	6:23—6:26	J. Ward, b. c. by Bertrand.	Lexington, Ky.	May 29
———	s. m.	5	Rattler	By Spread Eagle	Mr. Palmer	150		107 "	6:02	Anna Maria, get of Sir Charles.	Dover, Ky.	Oct. 2
———	s. f.	3	Sir Charles		J. Sleeper	150		83 "	5:58—6:5	Charlotte Temple, Sumter.	Hagerstown, Md.	Nov. 20

Sporting Intelligence.

SOUTH CAROLINA JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

An eminent turfite has forwarded to us the following spirited account of the first and four-mile race at Charleston, for which he will please accept our acknowledgments. He adds in a postcript, "I send you an accurate account of the race here yesterday as a very incorrect and garbled report was published in the city papers this morning. I have never before attempted a description of a race, and must beg you to carefully revise and correct it to your liking, leaving the facts, of course, as they stand, for they are strictly correct." After reading it carefully, we find little or nothing to "correct," and accordingly submit it to our readers, in the hope of receiving from the same source, complete reports of the races, though they are promised to us by the gentlemanly Secretary of the Club, and will be given officially in our Racing Calendar.

DEAR SIR: CHARLESTON, Feb. 18, 1836.

The races over the Washington course commenced yesterday, with the following entries for the Jockey Club purse of $1000, four-mile heats.

John G. Winter's *Hickory John*, by John Richards, dam Hickory, 4 yrs. old, 102lbs.
Col. E. Richardson's *Lady Morgan*, by John Richards, dam imp. Expedition, 4 yrs., 99lbs.
Col. John Crowell's *Lady Nashville*, by Stockholder, dam by imp. Strap, 5 yrs., 109lbs.
J. G. Guignard's *Bowdark*, by Medley, dam Merino Ewe, 4 yrs., 102lbs.

The course is much improved since last year, by the erection of a splendid citizen's stand. The attendance was numerous and extremely fashionable. The day was fair, and from the number entered the prospect of sport was good, but from the laurels which Lady Morgan won at Augusta, it was expected that the contest would not be very interesting, for she had beaten Lady Nashville there with great ease. Bowdark (formerly Cut-throat,) had shown himself a craven at Columbia, and Hickory John, who had distinguished himself at Augusta by the style of his winning the two-mile day, was not known as a four-mile horse, and moreover, he was seized with diabetes the day previous, and although the violence of the disease had so much abated as to induce his owner to saddle him for the race, which in the morning he had pretty much concluded not to do, still it was not expected that a horse whose bodily health was imperfect, could contend with one that had won the second four-mile heat with ease in 7:56, and consequently it was thought by the knowing ones, that Lady Morgan would win the race wth ease and certainty, and the bets ran two to one on her against the field.

At the sound of the bugle, the horses were saddled and they were off at the tap of the drum well together, Hickory taking the lead in hand, Lady Morgan lying well up, and Cut-throat and Lady Nashville trailing in the rear. In this position they ran about a mile, when, from the ease which Hickory John was running, Lady Morgan became alarmed and began to think that he was not so *very* sick, and that it was necessary to put him to his work. She increased her gait: so did he; away they went at a tremendous pace. Hickory John still leading until they entered the stretch at the close of the third-mile, when Hickory swerved from the path, and Lady Morgan shot past him on the inside like lightning, made a gap upon him of about thirty yards before his rider could get him straight again. He then dashed after her, both at a killing pace;—he shortens the distance,—his friends begin to think that he will yet prove victorious; but at the same spot, he made another effort to swerve and the Lady widened the breach again, but nothing daunted, his rider clapped the spurs to his sides, and it seemed as though he had concluded to quit his mother earth and take to another element. He seemed to fly towards the goal but it would not do, for he lacked a length of catching my Lady Morgan who won the heat in 7:50.

I had been so much interested in the contest between these two, that I had not noticed Lady Nashville and Bowdark until now. On looking around, I perceived that Nashville had dropped *in* her distance, and Bowdark had *dropped* a long way *out*.

The friends of Lady Morgan were now more confident than ever. She had won and was known to be good in a repeat. She showed some symptoms of distress and the backers of the field thought there was still a chance. Hickory John began to think that his chance was rather 'diffikil.' He was very high, too high for broken heats; Lady Nashville had dropped in and it was thought had a *right* to be less distressed than either. Hickory John looked the best of any of them, but his friends knew full well that if he won the next heat, Lady Nashville would drop in again at him *fresh* the third heat, and as her bottom was unquestioned (she's an old Ariel of a crittur) they thought the more prudent plan would be to withdraw from this contest, and let him seek another field which perhaps will be equally glorious, and fully as profitable—the Citizens' Purse, which will be run for next Tuesday.

The combat now lay between the two ladies. Large odds were now offered on Lady Morgan, but no takers. At the tap of the drum, they were off again, Lady Morgan leading for a short distance, but soon yielding the track to Lady Nashville—intending, no doubt, to risk the contest for the heat upon *a brush*. But she was not to be fooled so easily: she knew that her only chance was to keep Morgan at work. She takes the spur—away she goes, with Morgan close at her heels for three miles and a half. Morgan then makes a challenge—she locks her on the back stretch—a blanket would cover them until they reach the turn, Nashville leaving her for a length or so as they rounded it—Morgan makes another effort—again she is with her, but again drops back at the turn—getting straight, she makes another and a desperate effort, but it would not do—she cannot come it, and yields the palm to Lady Nashville, by a length or more. Time, 7:57.

Nashville, like Ariel, always wins the race when she wins a heat. It was now considered certain that the race was her's: Morgan was determined, however, to try it again. It is not worth while to give a detail of the third and last heat, for it was very much the same as the last—with this difference, that there was not so much excitement as in the previous heat, for every one considered it certain that Nashville, barring accidents, would win; and it so turned out. She cleared Morgan at the close about fifteen yards, doing the third heat in 8:10.

Lady Nashville	3	1	1
Lady Morgan	1	2	2
Hickory John	2	dr.	
Bowdark	dist.		

Time, 7:50—7:57—8:10.

All things considered, this was one of the best and most interesting races I ever saw. If I remember aright, the time of *Eclipse* and *Henry* was—1st heat, 7:37; 2d heat, 7:49; 3d heat, 8:28; which was running 12 miles in 23m. 54s.* The time of running the 12 miles to-day was 23m. 57s.

I think your *Post Boy* would have suffered in this contest. [Indeed! Wouldn't you like to meet him on a half-way track, say the Central?] Hickory John came from New Jersey last fall, and I think the Yorkers had better try and get him back again. It would just take him to beat any thing that COL. JOHNSON can start. He is a clinker, I tell you—you'll see next Tuesday. Mr. WINTER bought him for a few hundred dollars of our friend ORRIN BAILEY, Esq., Trenton, and it is said has been offered $6000 for him; but his price is $10,000. I think he will get it. He also bought Lady Morgan in 1834 for $400—then he showed his judgment: he sold her afterwards to CAPT. ROWE for $700—then he showed his want of it. Rowe was offered $1250 for her in Augusta.

* Our correspondent we think errs here; the last heat of the Eclipse race was run in 8m: 24s, making the time of the race 23m. 50s, instead of 23m, 54s.

NEW AMERICAN STUD BOOK.—We learn that an American Stud Book, embracing about one thousand English, and at least six thousand American pedigrees, together with an abstract of the History of the American Turf down to the commencement of the present year, is about being put to press. Every previous work of the kind has been incomplete, or the vehicle of errors; and from our knowledge of the compiler, we make no doubt the one in question will supply a desideratum, the want of which has long been experienced by turfites and breeders.

TROTTING MATCH.—The only trotting match worthy of note that has come to our knowledge within the last week, was that between
Samuel O'Rourke's (the champion) b. Canadian poney, *Maid of the Forest*, and James Kiernan's bl. h. *Black Rover*,
for $50 a-side, single mile, which came off on the Third Avenue last Tuesday. The match was won easily by the Indian poney, in 2m. 50s.

Don't you think *this* a "Pincher," Mr. Stannard? The Leeds (Eng.) Mercury gives an account of the pedestrian feat lately performed near that town by an Irishman named *Pincher*, who was backed to walk *eighteen miles* in *two hours*. The poor fellow lost the match by just a minute.—P.S. As young PRYOR, of Huntsville, Ala., has challenged the world to run him an hundred yards for $50,000, Pincher had better come out here, and test the fleetness and bottom of the Yankees. We wish the Osbaldistone of New-York would bring Pryor and Stannard together: 'twould be worth a pilgrimage to see a match between two such out-and-outers, on the heel and toe.

WINNING HORSES.—We are much gratified that the table of winning horses, *four mile heats*, in our last number, has afforded our sporting friends very general satisfaction. Could they appreciate the time and labor required to make it complete in every particular, they would certainly give us credit for no ordinary exercise of industry and perseverance. A single error only—a typographical one—has been pointed out; and that is in the weight carried by *Argyle* on the Columbia (S. C.) Course, Dec. 22d, which should have been 112lbs., instead of 122lbs.

TROTTING NAGS.—Some of our swiftest trotting tits are bred in Maine and Rhode Island. We hear famous stories of the recent performances of some of the green horses in those regions, and look forward to a large addition next summer to the number of known good ones in this city and Philadelphia. There are several owned in the vicinity of town, whose trotting on the snow has so charmed their owners, that, if friend CONKLIN will open a sweepstakes for untried horses *in harness*, to come off on the Centreville track, he will hear of plenty of customers.

A Boston paper states, that a *dwarf horse*, of the Indian or Pampas breed, has been imported into New-York from Buenos Ayres, only 36 inches in height. Major Stevens, an all sorts of a small gentleman, at Peale's Museum, ought to engage him for the Fantastical Parade.

O'ROURKE, "the Irish Champion," is in town; and, from his advertisement in another column, it will be seen that he gives a sparring exhibition on Tuesday next, at M'Mahon's Hotel, corner of Broadway and Anthony-street. Let the friends of the Ring give him "a strong turn."

English Sporting Varieties.

SELECTED FROM OUR FILES OF LATE FOREIGN AND COLONIAL PUBLICATIONS.

GREAT TURF PERFORMANCES.

CONCLUDED.

1791. At the Curragh Meeting in Ireland, Mr. Wilde made a bet of 2000gs. to ride against time, viz. 127 English miles in nine hours. On the 6th of October he started, in a valley near the Curragh Course, where two miles were measured in a circular direction: each time he encompassed the course it was regularly marked. During the interval of changing horses, he refreshed himself with a mouthful of brandy-and-water, and was no more than 6h. 27m. in completing the 127 miles—of course he had 2h. 37m. to spare, the horses, ten in number, all thorough-bred, were the property of D. B. Daly, Esq. Mr. W. was so little fatigued that he shewed at the Turf Club House the same evening.

In December, 1810, Mr. Mat. Milton rode from London to Stamford, exceeding ninety miles, in 4h. 25m., using eighteen horses. Mr. Milton weighed 15 stone.

In May, 1819, Mr. W. Hutchinson undertook, for a wager of 600gs. to ride from Canterbury to London Bridge in three successive hours, and completed the distance (55¼ miles) in 2h. 25m. 51sec.

Mr. Lipscomb started from Hyde Park Corner early on Saturday, November 6, 1824, to go ninety miles in 5 hours upon eight horses. It was a heavy betting match at 6 to 4 on time, but it was a propitious day for the undertaking. The stake was for 500sovs., and the ground was to the sixty-four-mile-stone on the Bath-road, and twenty-six miles back, a mile on the London side of Reading.

	miles.	m.	sec.
The First Horse did	12	in 38	14
Second . .	9	29	33
Third . . .	13	41	27
Fourth . . .	12	37	29
Fifth . . .	13	41	57
Sixth . . .	8	28	14
Seventh . .	13	44	37
Last . . .	10	32	0

(Total time, 4h. 53m. 31 sec.)

The last horse, and the fastest of the eight, had only to perform ten miles in 38m. 29s., which he completed cleverly in 32m., winning by 6m. 29s.

Capt. Polhill, of the 1st King's Dragoon Guards, stationed at Leeds Barracks, having undertaken, for a match of 100 sovereigns, to walk fifty miles, to drive fifty, and to ride fifty, in the space of twenty-four hours, commenced his arduous task on Monday morning, at one o'clock, April 17th, 1826, on Haigh-park Race Course. As this feat had excited much interest in the town, it occasioned the attendance of a numerous and respectable concourse of equestrians and pedestrians. At five minutes past eight P. M. the Captain completed his undertaking, having four hours and fifty-five minutes to spare. He immediately stepped into a coach, and, amidst repeated cheers was drawn to the barracks (a distance of four miles) by the assembled multitude. Upon arriving at the barracks, the coach was drawn up to the officers' door, and after the Captain had alighted, the company sang the national anthem. The following is a return of the times and distances, as completed:—

	Rounds.	Miles.	h.	m.					
Walk . .	24	19 1-2	3	19	Drive .	12	. .	9 3-4	0 49
Drive .	13	10 1 2	0	54	Ride .	10	. .	8	0 26
Walk . .	7	5 1-2	1	8	Drive .	13	. .	10 1-2	0 54
Ride .	10	8	0	23	Drive .	7	. .	5 3-4	0 24
Ride .	30	24 1-2	1	12	Walk .	8	. .	6 1-2	1 34
Drive .	13	10 1-2	0	46	Drive .	4	. .	3 1-4	0 17
Walk .	15	12	2	49	Ride .	12	. .	9 3-4	0 41
					Walk .	8	. .	6 1-2	1 31

	miles.	h.	m.
Walk	50	10	21
Drive	50	4	24
Ride	50	2	42
		17	27
Rest		1	38
		19	5

Total, 186 rounds, of three-quarters of a mile and 104 yards each. In the last round Capt. P. finished his arduous task by running, at the conclusion of which he appeared very little worse for the exertion.

On Thursday, November 9th, 1826, the same gentleman undertook for a considerable wager to ride ninety-five miles in five successive hours, on Haigh-park Race Course. The Captain started at nine o'clock, and accomplished his arduous task in 4h. 7m., being 53 minutes less than the time allowed. Many bets were depending on the event, which, as may naturally be imagined, excited much public interest. The Captain had relays of nineteen horses, but he only rode thirteen of them.

STEEPLE CHASE.—The second Steeple Chase between Mr. Baring's bay gelding Dorchester, and Mr. Pearson Thompson's brown mare Gipsey, came off at Cheltenhnm, over the same line of country, near Andover's Ford, as the first on Thursday last. The stakes were four hundred sovereigns, and the horses to carry 12st. each. Although the mare was defeated in the first match, yet, Mr. Thompson made proposals to Mr. Baring for a fresh match, which were accepted by that gentleman. Captain Beecher again undertook to ride Dorchester, who was trained by Baker. The exceeding heaviness of the country, from the breaking up of the frost, and the general idea entertained of the superior size and strength of the horse to encounter the difficulties that would present themselves in the race, (every wall and fence having previously been built and made up to their full height,) made Dorchester decidedly the favorite—the betting being six to four in her favor. After weighing, the mare came out first, and was mounted by Mr. Powell. The horse was ridden out by Captain Beecher. Gipsey's form of going was such that she became the favorite. Colonel Charite, as umpire, gave the signal "off," and away they went Dorchestar took the lead, as before, followed closely by Gipsey: both covered well the first fence, which was no trifling affair: and in the same position took all the others, till they got into the road. At this point, the horse refused the fence into the road, whereupon Mr. Powell promptly pulled up the mare; at the second attempt Dorchester went over it, and Gipsey followed. In ascending the hill, a heavy wheat field, in which the first stone wall presented itself, Captain Beecher eased the horse into a trot, and Mr. Powell followed his example. The wall measuring five feet eight inches, and of unusual thickness, was gallantly cleared by Dorchester: and Gipsey carried her rider over it as if with the spring of a greyhound—neither touched it. Close to the third wall, Captain Beecher, with great quickness and dexterity, doubled on the mare, and then took the wall; but Gipsey was as quickly turned, though in doing so she was put out of her stride, got too close to the wall, hit it in the leap, and but for her activity, and the skill of her rider, would have fallen; as it was, Mr. Powell was actually flung on her neck, but he speedily regained his seat, and was as speedily at the horse's quarters again. The ground at this point was very heavy; still both were going strong, and got well landed in the grain field, where the pace became very severe; the mare mending hers, and driving on the horse as he leaped first into the last field, when she instantly shot about a length ahead of him; but finding that Gipsey was still fresh, and had much running in her, Mr. Powell pulled her back to her former place, and held her in till they came within about 100 yards of the winning post, when he gave her her head, and passed the horse, and won by little more than half a length, pulling hard all the way. It appeared evident, however, that Gipsey must have won by a much greater distance had her rider been so disposed. The mare looked, if not thorough-bred, as near it as possible. She went, in fact, like a racer. And thus ended the second contest, which gave general satisfaction to the whole field, and to the assembled multitude. The line of country, which is more than four miles from the starting-post to the goal, was hilly, severe, and deep; and the numerous walls and fences were such as none but downright first-rate hunters could face. The distance was accomplished in 14 minutes. [London Sun, Jan. 6.

PEDESTRIANISM.—On Wednesday morning last a match was run for against time on the Blue Mountain Valley Road, St. Thomas in the East, by three apprentices to Monklands, James Brydon, Alexander Brown, and Thomas Wilson.

The circumstances which led to the above match were the following:—Fifty pounds to ten was offered that a man would not be found (an apprentice he was to be) who would run from Colay estate gate to Morant Bay in an hour. The tendered bet was accepted by the owner of the above named apprentices, who some time ago put them into training. A number of bets were taken by other gentlemen, and the odds given were three to one, and two to one against the distance being done within the hour.

Certain bets were taken against the winner being named out of the three, and the others against the three winning; two ran over the distance, which is nine miles and upwards, in 58 minutes and 30 seconds, and the third in 61 minutes and 30 seconds. The roads were in a very unfavorable state at the time, in consequence of heavy rains the previous day: and betwixt Coley gate and Morant Bay there are four crossings of Rivers, besides other Streams; but, notwithstanding the men came in to the winning post in good style. They had their bottles of champaigne about half way, and were back at Monklands, which is sixteen miles from Morant Bay, by two o'clock (having started from Coley at half past six) as *fresh as paint!*

The owner was induced to accept the bet, and train the men, principally from a desire to know whether persons of that class possessed the *pluck* necessary for the performance of such a task, and would submit to the requisite restrictions, and endure the labor required to bring them up to the mark; and he is happy to say, that he found they possessed both the mental and corporal requisites, as well as the inclination to adhere strictly to the injunctions imposed upon them.

It may not be uninteresting to state, that Jamie Brydon, who was named as the winner, and came in first, is between thirty-five and thirty-six years of age, Alexander Brown thirty-seven, and Thomas Wilson upwards of forty!

[Kngston, (Jamaica,) Watchman, Dec. 30.

BILLIARDS.—A match between two first-rate amateurs, for 100 sovs. aside was played on the 12th Jan. at the British Coffee House, upon a magnificent billiard-table, *built entirely of solid Italian marble.*

PEDESTRIANISM.—A most extraordinary feat of pedestrianism took place on Wednesday at Paisley. W. M'Millan undertook to walk 100 miles in 24 successive hours, 30 of which to be walked backwards. The place selected was on the Renfrew road, from the Toll near Paisley, one half mile towards Renfrew. The spectators were very numerous; and as it drew near to the close of time, the road was so immensely crowded, that it seemed impossible for him to proceed. Mr. Johnston of the theatre led the way on horseback, and assisted in making a narrow lane for him. He began his arduous task on Tuesday evening, at twenty minutes past six, and accomplished it cleverly twelve minutes within the time. On finishing, when he expressed himself to be pretty comfortable, he was mounted on horseback, and received the gifts and congratulations of the crowd. During some part of his journey, he walked backwards five miles an hour.

LOTTERY.—Mr. Kirby's offer of 1,000 sovs. (the price given by the French Government) for the re-purchase of this justly celebrated stallion, appears to have excited the jealousy of certain parties at York, who, in the hope of preventing the re-appearance of so dangerous a rival to one or two horses of very inferior character, have circulated a report that he was about to be returned in consequence of having failed to get foals!—an assertion sufficiently disproved by the fact, that within the last week the French Ministers have expressed their entire satisfaction, and refused to part with him. Mr. Kirby gave $2,000 guineas for Orville, 1,100 for Bourbon, and 1,600 for Lottery, and deserves better treatment.

We are informed that Payne has quitted the service of Mr. Batson.

POTTERY FANCY.—Some few weeks since Deaf Burke, Nick Ward, &c., put forth a hand-bill, stating that a sparring exhibition would take place at the large room, Angel Inn, Hantley, Staffordshire Potteries. At the time appointed, the room was crowded, all anxious for the set to—when, lo and behold! Mister Constable appeared, sent by a party, who

"Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
By damning those they have no mind to."

All was confusion at this unexpected interruption, until a staunch admirer of the good old English custom of boxing said, "Go to my house; I will give you leave to spar, and take all risks." Accordingly they went; sparring took place, the evening was spent pleasantly, and the company went home in good and orderly time.

THE HEIRESS AND HER SUITORS.—A CHRISTMAS GAME.—It has been truly said that the inventor of a new and innocent game, which is calculated to amuse without offending, is a benefactor to society—and in this light we are called upon to say Messrs. Fuller, at the Temple of Fancy, in Rathbone-place, have exhibited themselves at this festive season. We have just seen a new round game, invented by them, entitled "The Heiress and her Suitors," at which eight, or a less number of persons may play, and in which amusement and much humorous speculation is produced. It represents the various whims and caprices of an heiress, surrounded by a host of aspirants to her favor. It consists of the heiress and eight admirers; viz. a peer—a dandy—a squire—a soldier—a sailor—a lawyer—a parson— and a doctor; to each of whom is assigned a separate road to the object of their ambition, and their progress is designated by the turning of a sort of "wheel of fortune," on which the fair prize is placed. Ample instructions accompany the box containing the *dramatis personæ* of the game, and we can recommend it with great pleasure to our laughter-loving readers as far superior to our and game at cards, in which gambling is too often introduced.

The hunting stud of the late Mr. Elmhirst, of Round-green, near Barnsley, were sold by auction on Tuesday week, in front of the tavern, York, when Scarborough, by Catton, 8 years old, was purchased by Mr. Briggs, of Tadcaster, for 83 guineas; and a brown mare, by Dinmont, 9 years old, was purchased by Baron Osten (agent for Don Carlos) for 51 guineas.

We understand that Mr. Fraser, of Lovat, with a party of six guns, killed in one day last week, on the lands of Struy, 16 roe-deer. This is, we believe, the greatest number known to have been killed in one day in this country. Fifteen were killed many years ago in the woods about Rotheimurchus, but it was by a party of twelve guns.

At the sale of the stud of the late Mr. Beardsworth, on the 28th of December, Independence sold for 58 guineas, Longwaist filly for 78 guineas, and bay colt by Bustard for 50 guineas. The Brother to Derby was not sold.

THE FOX HUNTER BY MRS. NISBETT.

Sung in the new Sporting Comedy of "Is She a Woman?" at the Queen's Theatre.

AIR—"ROREY O'MORE."

The finest diversion that's under the sun
Is to follow the game, on our steeds or with gun;
To be up in the morning, before break of day,
And salute Master Phœbus with "Hark! hark away!"
To gallop on gaily, the hounds in full cry,
Each striving his comrade to give the go-by:
With whip, spur in action, to see every man—
O, these are true pleasures, deny it who can!
The finest diversion, &c. &c.

At evening to sit by a cheering wood-fire,
Each a jorum of punch. Say, what heart could desire
A happier life than the sportsman enjoys?
Free from care and vexation, ill-humor and noise—
With a smile on the lip of the lass we adore—
What mortal would seek for a kindlier store?
Then who are so merry, so happy as we?
With a friend and a glass, and a lass on our knee?
The finest diversion, &c. &c.

THE EDITOR'S REVENGE.—An editor in one of the little Parisian journals had the misfortune not to please Monsieur le Portier, of the house in which the said editor dwelt. Annoyances and impertinences of various kinds were resulted to the latter, who, finding remonstrances useless, resolved to be revenged. Next morning the following hoax appeared in the paper:—"Yesterday some carpenters, discovered in a log of mahogany, a small snake curled up in the wood. The reptile, at first to all appearances dead was soon awakened from its torpor by the action of the air, and turned out to be one of the venemous species of the rattlesnake. It is now confined in an iron cage, and may be seen at the porter's, No. — Rue——, where it will remain until removed to the Jardin of the plantes. However extraordinary this remarkable phenomenon, it has been very lucidly explained by a learned naturalist, who is of opinton that the reptile must have crept into tde trunk of a tree through an aperture which, after a certain lapse of time, became closed." During the first three days, the house was actually besieged by students and naturalists, eager to behold the precious specimen at the porter's, who was so pestered with questions, that he was near going mad. In vain he cursed his unlucky stars, and barred his door against the never ceasing besiegers; in vain he consigned the malicious press within, and the multitudinous press without, to the "holy keeping" of Beelzebub, the father of all serpents. The love of science proved stronger than his barricaded door, which was simultaneously burst in, with the loud shoutings of "Show us the snake!" in the midst of which the porter's answer, "Tis all a mistake," was scarcely heard, or if heard, unheeded. But let us hasten to drop the veil over the confusion that followed, and to relieve the dreadful suspense of our readers, by stating that the affair was finally settled *a l'aimable*, as Monsieur le Portier having made *l'amende honorable* to Monsieur of the Press, the latter not only withdrew the too-fascinating serpent from his columns, but also annouced that, owing to a sudden fit of cholera, the wonderful little reptile had been withdrawn to "another and a better world." [Paris Adv.

GROSS LIBELS ON THE ENGLISH CHARACTER BY A FOREIGNER.—A fellow who calls himself "P. Anichini," and "A Briton by act of Parliament," has just published a farrago of trash, entitled, "A few remarks on the present Laws of Marriage, Adultery, and Seduction in England." The following two extracts are sufficient to show the character of this "Briton by act of Parliament:"—"Although very reluctantly, I connot refrain from alluding to the loose morals of a great many young females of our aristocracy, who, heedless of consequences, and regardless of their future prospects, give themselves up to the most revolting depravities. I am in possession of genuine evidence—of facts and names. The chief priestsesses of these Aphrodisian mysteries are the governesses, a class than whom (with some exceptions) more dangerous to the morals of youth, to the peace of a family, and to the happiness of husbands, does not exist, even in the penitentiary."—"I cannot abstain from expressing my indignation against that hypocrisy of some of our females, who affect a sanctified horror at the name of spirituous liquors, like the late Emperor Francis of Austria at the bare sound of constitution. And yet we know (and unfortunately on unquestionable grounds) that this detestable passion for drinking has considerably spread among the fair sex, and extended its ravages even among the high ranks of society. Who does not know that a certain Duchess carries her bottle of spirits even at the Opera, and that a lovely and youthful Marchioness never leaves behind her splendid gold-mounted jewel-sparkling scent bottle, replenished with brandy, which she facetiously calls *gouttes de sante?* The Scotch, one of the most educated and moral people in existence, punish drunkenness by relegating in two small islands in Lock Lomond those individuals of either sex who are convicted of drunkenness. I have myself seen them."—Here's a whacker! We trust this gentleman will find his portrait honored with a similar position to that of Dick Twiss who libelled the ladies of Ireland.

A MATRIMONIAL ADVENTURE.—A few weeks ago a pair of lovers, sick of freedom, presented themselves at the altar of St. Margaret's Church, that they might be united in the bonds of marriage; but the reverend gentleman having learned that the bans had been published in the parish church of one only of the parties, he declined to perform the ceremony, stating that as they lived in separate parishes, it was necessary that proclamation should be made in both. Reluctantly they withdrew, to pass a few weeks more of tedious courtship, while the bans were duly published. On Sunday last they again presented themselves, and were buckled together hard and fast. The Gordian knot being tied, the "happy man" refused to pay the fees, as he had been subjected to extra expense in the publication of bans; whereupon he was locked up in the chancel, in company with his new-made wife, who, as all *better halves* should, refused to desert her partner in adversity. Imprisonment made no impression on his resolution: he persisted in refusing to pay the charges—perhaps for a sufficient reason—and the reluctant sexton liberated him in time for the wedding dinner. [Leicester Chronicle.

WEALTH OF THE MERCHANTS OF ANTWERP IN FORMER TIMES.—The city of Antwerp is nearly a semicircle, of about seven miles round. It was defended by the citadel, built by the Duke of Alva, to overawe the inhabitants. The whole appearance of its public buildings, streets, and houses, affords the most incontestible evidence of its former splendour. Many instances of the immense wealth of its merchants are recorded: among others, it is said that when Charles V. once dined with one of the chief magistrates, his host, immediately after dinner, threw into the fire a bond for two millions of ducats, which he had received as security for a loan to that monarch, saying that he was more than repaid by the honor of being permitted to entertain his sovereign.

[Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopedia.

THE LATE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.—"Tell all ill-bred men of your acquaintance—tell *me* this anecdote of the Emperor of Russia. In the midst of the concert, while the first violin was playing, I saw his eye glancing towards ladies at some short distance from him. When the close of a passage permitted it, he advanced with the greatest precaution, but perfect ease, and not the smallest sound of tread, to take a tea-cup from a lady, the wife of one of the aides-de-camp of Lord Wellington—who had the good sense not to resist it—returning to place it on a table." Life and Correspondence of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Summary.

A young man in the country who had the felicity of waiting upon one of the young ladies home from a party, took the opportunity, while she was searching for the door latch, to enquire whether she was *courted.* "Why," replied she with the greatest ingenuousness, "I'm sort o' courted, and sort o' not, but rather more sort o' not than sort o'.

The badge or medal of the Surrey dustmen's society, is Cupid blowing a horn, on a three legged puppy.

Under the obituary head of the Wiscasset (Me.) Intelligencer, is recorded the death of Mrs. Sally *Sweet Potato.* It has been a hard winter for all kinds of "wegetables."

The Duchess of Dantzic, widow of Marshal Lefevre is dead, aged 76; leaving a fortune of 15 millions of francs to the neices of her late husband. Most of the old Marshals of Napoleon, took very good care to feather their nests well.

The recent fire cannot check the progress of the high-minded, the gifted, and the enterprising city of New-York. Her march is onward—it is the march of mind! Phœnix-like she will revive from the ashes of that calamity—and she will not only rebuild the scene of destruction, but she will also cover the whole island of Manhattan with the most elegant buildings, until her local beauty will become as *extensive and as worthy of praise* as is *now* the *enterprize*, and the *business* and *literary talent* of her merchants.—*New-Orleans Adv.*

The Marquis de Saint Paer, formerly possessor of a fine and immensely valuable domain in Normandy, having squandered his patrimony in early life, was found dead of cold and starvation on the 15th of December, in a hovel on the confines of his ancient estate, in which he had lived for twenty years, deriving his subsistence from charity.

"THE CAMPBELL'S ARE COMING."—Chivalrous Georgia, is pouring forth her thousands to the assistance of our Florida brethren. Gen SCOTT will have nothing to do on his arrival in Florida, but to take command of as gallant a band of citizens soldiers as ever wielded a sword or drew a trigger in behalf of their own rights and safety of their fellow citizens. Six Companies of noble hearted Volunteers, have already marched from Milledgeville—and 3,500 of the Georgia Militia, are ordered to be in readiness if their services are required.—*Petersburg Constallation.*

A man who sings "Jim Crow" at the Portland Museum, on Friday last met the editor of the Juvenile Reformer in the streets, and gave him a tremendous flogging, and all because the editor called him by his right name—"a vagabond."

A Signor somebody is amusing the Londoners at one of the minor theatres by shooting three apples in succession, with a rifle; the apples being in the hand of his son.

A very respectable committee has been formed, at New-Orleans, for the collection of contributions for the orphans and widows of the unfortunate men murdered in the Indian massacre, in Florida.

The amount received by Mr. O'Connell from his starving countrymen, under the name of the "rent" or "tribute," up to the present year is 144,000 pounds sterling. Nearly 700,000 dollars!

CHARACTER OF A BENEVOLENT MAN.—*By a Boy.*—Jist sich a man as looks as if he would'nt give a fellow a clip with his whip if he saw him on a sled hanging to his sleigh.

Among the deaths recorded in the London papers, we find that of a sister of Major Andre, in the 81st year of her age.

SOUTH CAROLINA PATRIOTISM.—When Col. Frazer's regiment was mustered near Aiken, S. C. furnishing by draft the quota for Florida, many volunteered, and the required number was soon obtained. The remainder of the regiment, and the spectators on the ground, subscribed immediately, $1230, to be applied to the use of the volunteer force, previous to their departure.

NOBLE RESOLVE.—A short time since, in Tennessee, a Miss Nancy Childless, was married to a Mr. Granger of that place. She was determined to remain no longer *childless.* Some say she was *childish* for so doing.

PUN MILITARY.—A young ensign complaining of the smallness of his apartments at the barracks after many attempts at a simile, compared them to a *nutshell* on which a friend congratulated him as, by dwelling in a NUTSHELL, he had attained the rank of KERNEL.

A firemens' benefit ball took place at the Eagle street Theatre, Buffalo, Feb. 1st. Such a magnificent display never before was seen in the young metropolis of the lakes—fully equal to any in the old atlantic cities in point of splendor and beauty—chalked floors, pendant streamers and banners, female beauty, orchestral music, the dance and waltz, the insignia of the firemen hung round, &c. A splendid silk banner was presented to the chief engineer of the six companies. The benefit yielded $1000.—*Star.*

The weather was so cold at Brighton, Eng. on the 20th December, that the king and queen could not venture out to church. The snow was six inches deep. Very unusual for England.

Dr. Bartlett, editor of the Boston Pilot, says, that Maria Monk's "Awful Disclosures" are copied verbatim, an alteration only in the names, from a book published in 1731, called "The Gates of Hell opened, or a developement of the Secrets of Nunneries."

A GENEROUS MAN.—An honest lad found a pocket-book in the street, in Bangor, the other day, and after much exertion ascertained its owner, and restored it to him; the magnanimous *man* (?) deliberately, and apparently with reluctance, drew from his pocket an old worn-out piece of money, saying, "*Here boy, I took this for ninepence, I guess 'twill go for that.*"

REVERSE OF FORTUNE.—A pot-boy, (aged about 40) in a certain tap-house, in London, being observed with a fit of the blue devils upon him, was asked the reason, "Ah, sir," said he, "I can't help thinking of what I once was. Although I am a pot-boy now, *I once was a dust man!*

AN ITINERANT HORSE.—Bishop M'Kendree's celebrated horse, called "Old Grey," as we learn from an esteemed correspondent, died on the third of August, in his 33d year. The Bishop obtained him when he was eight years old, and during the six following years, rode him *thirty thousand miles*, and after this he made extensive journeys. Such was the good Bishop's regard for the faithful relic of his travelling days, that he remembered him in his will, left him twelve acres of land; for his exclusive grazing, while he lived, and expressed his wish that his carcase should be buried after death.—*Western Methodist.*

On the 23d of December, the sum of £11,469 16s. was paid into the bank of England, being the contribution of the marquis of Camden, for the public service, for the year 1835. The whole amount thus contributed by the marquis is £258,584 12s. 11d—more than a million of dollars.

HOW LADIES FIRST CAME TO RIDE AS THEY NOW RIDE.—The beautiful, cruel, and infamous Catharine de Medicis, as we learn from Varillas the French Historian, first invented the modern fashion of females sitting on their horse, from motives personal to herself. "She introduced (says that writer) the fashion of wearing silk stockings, drawn tight, to display the fine turn of her ancle, for the same reason, she first adopted the mode of placing one leg over the pummel of the saddle in riding on horseback."

Sir Colquhoun Grant, whose daughter made the much-talked of run-away match with young Sheridan, not long since, died on the 20th December, after a very short illness. By his death Mrs. Sheridan comes in possession of a very large fortune. She was with him when he died.

Such was the celebrity of the private theatricals which took place at Richmond House in 1785 and 1786, that a motion in the House of Commons was actually postponed to allow the then Prime Minister—Mr. Pitt—to be present at them.

It is rather a remarkable circumstance, that all of the chiefs who were at the sanguinary, and decisive battle of Waterloo, which was the means of restoring peace to Europe, there is only one now living, the Duke of Wellington.

JACK IN A CHURCH.

"Some of you fellows are looking snoozy," said a 'wide awake' member, addressing the watch one night. "What say ye to a yarn?"

"That's right, Bob," cried two or three, starting up: "let's have it!"

"It shan't be a doleful one, because we've runned out our grog; and watery stories, d'ye see! require a dash of the *spirits*—ha! ha! that's good, arn't it?"

"Humph—tol'rable!"

"And it shan't be false; 'cause then, you see again, you can't place no dependance on it. I likes a story that, when you're telling it again, you can say—'I'm hanged if it aint as true as the bible!' Then the people can't shake no heads at ye; or, if they do, you may blow 'em up for it with a good conscience. But this, boys, is as true as you're all sitting there; so, when you're paying it out again, you may all say that you've seen it yourselves, and I'll be bail for your 'dibility."

"Well, you've heard what things the Killease,* 40, did in the West Ingy seas, and what a set o' stiff fellers she had aboard her. I know'd a few on 'em in different places, and was once inclined to sarve aboard her myself; only at the time I wanted, I was sarving in the Andrew† Mackie, one of the crack thirty-sixes, and had a skipper what I didn't want to part company with: 'tall events, as I said afore, I know'd a few on her men, and jolly fellers they were, too—capital hands at the grog, and as glib at a yarn, long or short, taught or brightish, sad or merry, true or 'pocryphal, as ever you'd wish to see. I'll tell you how I got 'quainted with Joe Fisher, who was one of the best among 'em. It was at Falmouth, and I was in a public-house, with a pipe in my bow-port, and a pot o' beer afore me, sittivated in one of the in-shore reaches. There was a good many coasting crafts, and unregular navigators, brought to an anchor about, and amongst 'em was Joe: he and I, you must know, were the only thorough-breds in the place. Well; I didn't know nothing of Joe then, in course, and though I could see he was a true 'un—and he must have made me out to be the same—we hadn't as yet hailed each other. Well; I, and some of the long-shore coves, got into conversation, and starting some professional subjects, at last, into summat like a breeze. The fellers hadn't no right to dispute the 'pinion, certainly, of a man-of-war's-man; but, howsomever, they did; and afore I know'd where I was, or into what latitude I'd got, I found myself carrying on like the devil, in a stiffish running fight, with a couple of blazers ahead, and some small craft in each bow. *They* jawed, and *I* jawed, till their noise nearly runned me down: for four at one, you know, wasn't fair play; and I was just thinking of hauling off out of the smoke, when up shot Joe Fisher on my starboard quarter, and beginned thundering away on my side. I directly gathered fresh heart, and re-manning my guns, peppered away on two of the coves on my starboard beam; while Joe, already loaded and primed, sent a whole broadside slap aboard the others. Even now, there was four to two: but, Lord! Joe's metal was fifiy times as heavy as his 'tagonist's; and his guns was so well sarved, that their fire gradually fell off to nothing. By and by, they all beginned to sheer off, wonderfully disabled in their upper rigging; and when the smoke had a little cleared away, I hailed Joe, and Joe hailed me, and we beginned to grow wondrous thick. He singed out for biscuit and cheese, and I for porter, and we soon got as comfortable as a couple of kings, and know'd each other's history from the time we shoved off our keels into the ocean of sarvice, to the moment he steered down to my assistance. A generous feller was Joe, indeed; for when 'to pay' was the word, and the landlord shoved in his warrant, while I was rummaging for small shot, he tossed a handful o' coppers into his starboard fin, and told him to bear off, and say nothing to nobody. But, howsomever, I was even with Master Joe another time—but never mind about that. Well; you must know, my lads, that Joe wasn't going to stay at Falmouth only a very little time, for his skipper had only put in there for a day or two, and was bound for Portsmouth harbour. The day after this, Joe and I shaked hands, and steered different courses—he went aboard his craft, and I out of Sheerness; and I didn't hear on him for some time a'ter. But, blow me! if I havn't forgotten to tell ye that he had been married for a couple of years, and his partner—a well-rigged young 'oman, so he said, fond of new clothes in her mainsail, and of mighty genteel behaviour—he had her from a 'spectable stock; for her father kept a wholesale crockery shop, and her mother had been cook-maid to an admiral's lady: none o' yer flaunty, fly-away, bunting-decked, ginger-bread, tittering young lasses; but an orderly, tort-sailing craft, that never runned with loose rigging, but had al'ays her spars scrup'lously squared, and her cordage neatly rattled down—al'ays answering her helm, and turning lightly to wind'ard, and *never missing her stays*. She lived in Portsmouth; and, in course, Joe was in a main hurry to join company whilst he stayed in port.

"Well; what's to come, I had from a very 'edible witness; and when I sawed Joe afterwards, and axed him about it, he fully bored out the other's *testy money*, and confessed that no long-bow had been drawed in the bus'ness. The next day a'ter Joe got ashore happened to be Sunday; and as his consort was very 'ligious, nothing would do but he and she should go to church. Joe hadn't been to no church for a number of years, and strived hard to be excused the service. But this only made the young 'oman ten times more dissolute; an', at last, Joe was reasoned down into the voyage, and made to ship his holiday toggery. Afore they got aboard the praying place, his missus thinked fit to give him a little destruction in the way he should behave himself; and amongst the rest, says she to him, says she—'Joe,' says she, 'mind you musn't say nothing to nobody, till the business is all over, and then only in a whisper.' 'Very well,' says Joe, 'I won't.' 'You musn't,' says she, 'keep rolling your eyes about the deck; and when the people gets up and sits down, mind you get up and sits down too.' 'Ay, ay,' says Joe: 'I won't sit down at all, and then I can't fail o' being right.' 'Well,' says she, 'that'll be better than keeping your seat all the time,' says she; 'and with a little reg'lation from me, you'll do in that respect tol'rable well. Now, the next thing,' says she, 'what I'd have you mind of all things, is, that you must remember, no one upon no account whatsomdever must say nothing, except the parson.' 'Ay, ay,' says Joe, 'I'll be blowed if I won't mind that; 'specially as I know nobody has no right to give no orders, except the captain. Well, that's all, I s'pose,' says he. 'Yes,' says she, 'that's all; only be sure to remember, that nobody's to speak never a word, except the parson.' And with that, they cried hands to the lee-braces, and stood in.

"Well, my lads, having slackened sail, they brought their helm to port, and espying a sunny anchorage, with only a single craft moored in it, stood across towards its nearest end. Then they clued up their courses, and let fall their kedgers. But they got so far abaft, that they could see little or nothing of what was a-going on; and, as Joe kept every now and then poking up his starboard eye over the hammock rail, and seemed mighty restless, his missus thought they might get a better berth. So she got under weigh, and with her consart in her wake, doubled a cape, and stood on under an easy sail through the whole fleet, till at last she brought to under the bows of the admiral's ship, and throwed out a signal for Joe to do the like. This was a much better sittivatioa; for they could hear beautiful, and faced the whole congregation. All went on very well for some time: the parson was getting through his log like an East Indiaman in a stagg'rer, and Joe seemed very 'tentive. Well, my hearties! as bad luck would have it, just as the old gentleman, who was a-reading, had cut through a tarnation long thingum-bob, a strange voice from above singed out—drawing it out as long as the maintop bowline—'A-men!' My eyes! you should ha' seen Joe: he pricked up his ears directly; and, as he didn't know well what to make on it, at first, he said nothing to nobody, but looked very queer, and beginned to grumble to himself. His missus, who had all along been very fearful of his behaviour, heered him saying summat just above his breath; and 'What's the matter, Joe?' says she. 'Matter!' says he: 'blow me! nothing's the matter; only this here feller in the fore-top has been a-saying what he shouldn't ha' said.' Well; the people about beginned to look rather funny, and Joe's partner told him to let down his bowsprit, and not say no more. The parson, you know, had it all to himself now for some time; and he knowed all that was right enough, and so kept wonderful quiet.

"But bye and bye, you know, the fore-top feller striked up again, and beginned to sing out summat considerable longer than the first. Joe bobbed up his truck again, and rather flustered. 'Poll,' says he, 'didn't you tell me afore we comed in, that nobody was to say nothing except the parson?' 'Hush!—for goodness' sake be quiet, Joe,' says she. 'Quiet!' says he, when I sees no discipline aboard the admiral's ship! d—d if I will!' Joe started up, throwed down his log-book, and primed for action. 'I say, you mister!' he sings out, 'you mister in the fore-top, ahoy! What 'thority have you to cry out when the captain's a-speaking, and you've orders to run in your piece, and lash down the port? Pretty reg'lations aboard here, indeed! Don't you see his honor looks quite dumbfoundered with your impudence? Whot bus'ness have you to keep there mocking the skipper, in this here insinivating way, eh—you long-shore toddler? I wish I'd got you aboard the Kill-ease, that's all: I'd see if you play such pranks again. And you, too, old gentleman—why don't you unship your binnacles, and sing out for the master-at-arms? If you won't make your men pay you proper respect, why that's your fault, that's all.'

"By Jove! but you *should* ha' seen the church—all in as much confusion as the cock-pit after a thundering action. The lighter craft screamed, and beginned to scud from their moorings. The man-o'-war beared up, and wanted to see what was the matter. The parson dipped down the hatchway, and swinged down to the lower deck; while the charity boys, and the chap what keeps order, comed running through the reaches, to get hold o' Joe. Joe got on the seat, and was singing out like a thirty-two pounder. 'I say you sir!' says he—'you chap with the cocked hat, threepenny cane, and laced toggery,‡ capital order you keep 'tween decks, when the captain can't say his say without being put out every minute. I'll warrant you was ogling the young woman alongside, instead of attending to your duty. Clap on more sail, old bottle-nose, and bowl down as you ought to do. Clear away your grappling-irons, and run aboard your chase, or the clipper 'll slip your fingers. I've a good mind—only it 'ud be interfering with reg'lations—to bring you down myself. You'll soon heave to in limbo, that's one comfort: so come down, and victual for the cruise, and be d—d to you!'

"Howsomdever, he was stopped short in his 'dress to the ship's company, and hauled out by a half-dozen of the hands into the stern galleries. A few of those on board, 'specially the parson, and his first and second mate, wanted to march him off for a court-martial, under the charge, as they said, of disturbing the congregation at their 'votions; but one or two of the most 'spectable passengers offered to become bail for his 'pearance, and so they taked off his *lumbargo*, and let him warp away. The damage a'ter all wasn't of no great importance; but often as he's been since in Portsmouth, blow *me!* if you could ever get him into any thing what mounted a steeple, or had a warrant officer forreds with a cocked hat, cane, and laced jacket.

BILL ROGGERS,
LATE H. M. S. "FIRE-FLY."

* Achilles. † Andromache. ‡ The Parish constable.

INGENIOUS EQUIVOCATION.

At the Middlesex Sessions, held on the 17th December, a person named *Sheering* was cross-examined relative to an information he had laid against a publican, for selling beer during the hours of divine service. The following is part of the dialogue which took place on the occasion, between him and the opposing counsel:—

Mr. Prendergast.—You have been often in this Court, I believe?

Sheering.—Yes, many times (giving a glance towards the dock).

Mr. Prendergast.—Ah, I see you are looking towards the bar.

Sheering.—Yes, I was brought up to the bar.

Mr. Prendergast.—What do you mean by that, fellow?

Sheering.—Why, I was brought up to the bar when I was drinking in the defendant's house.

Mr. Serjeant Andrews.—What did you mean when you said you were brought up to the bar?

Sheering.—Mr. Prendergast made an observation about—

Mr. Sergeant Andrews.—And you meant to give him a pert answer?

Sheering.—No, I did not, sir.

Mr. Sergeant Andrews.—Take care how you answer, then, as your answers may affect your credit with the Court.

Mr. Prendergast.—Have you never stood within that bar [pointing to the dock]?

Sheering.—Never.

Mr. Prendergast.—Do you mean to swear you were never tried in this Court?

Sheering.—No.

Mr. Prendergast.—Then what did you mean by your former answer?

Sheering.—I never stood behind that bar; it was a different one when I was tried.

Mr. Flower indignantly asked how he dared equivocate thus with his oath?

Mr. Prendergast.—What were you tried for?

Sheering.—You ought to know, for you defended me.

Mr. Prendergast.—I insist on an answer. I can't be your witness, and if I could I would not.

Sheering.—It was for rescuing a fellow-creature from the grave.

Mr. Sergeant Andrews.—Was it not for stealing a dead body?

Sheering.—Yes.

There is clearly a mistake in the destiny of this person, who is said by the newspaper reports to be a common informer. Nature obviously intended him for a lawyer; and had not some "untoward affair" thwarted her purposes, he would have been "brought up to the bar" in a professional sense, instead of to the bar of a public-house or a criminal court. In that case he would unquestionably have raised himself to eminence. As it is, there is every probability that he will raise himself, or be raised by others, to a certain kind of eminence, though one of a very different description, before he goes out of the world. The ingenuity of the fellow's equivocation about "the bar," could only be equalled by the cool effrontery with which he parried the questions of Mr. Prendergast. The equivocation about the old and new bar was also good. But decidedly the most ingenious of the three grand equivocations, and indeed by far the most ingenious we ever met with, was that about "rescuing a fellow-creature from the grave." It ought of itself to immortalize the fellow; this, we know, that many a person has been immortalized who never said anything half so clever. When we first read his statement of having been tried for "rescuing a fellow-creature from the grave," our admiration of his humanity was only equalled by our regret that he should ever, by so meritorious an act, have got "himself into trouble." Judge of our confusion, when in answer to the next question, the rogue, with the most consummate impudence imaginable, admitted he had been tried for stealing a dead body, which was what he meant by "rescuing a fellow-creature from the grave!"

[London Monthly Magazine.

THE ROUND ROBIN.

One of the very best legal stories we know of, (says the Saturday Watchman) is that of the *Round Robin*, as it is familiarly called in the lower circuits of North Carolina, and owes its humor to the very fertile and cultivated mind of a lawyer who is still alive, but in a distant Western State. All the lawyers attending Court about the year 1810—boarded at the house of Mr. B——, who at the beginning of his life, as a publican, was assiduous and provident: but riches multiplied, and boniface became lazy, crusty and parsimonious. His accommodations, as they are usually called, from being the very best, had by degrees, degenerated into the very worst in the whole country. This was borne with mutterings from time to time, until in a fit of desperation, the whole fraternity of Lawyers after mature deliberation "In Congress assembled," resolved to quit the house, and go to another in the same village; the duty of announcing the separation, devolved upon the gentlemen above specified; who, being somewhat struck with the mock importance the affair had assumed, wrote the following, and sent it to the Landlord, signed with the names of all the decendents in a round ring below

A DECLARATION:

"When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for a hungry, half-fed, imposed-on set of men to dissolve the bonds of Landlord and boarder, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind, requires that they should declare the causes which have impelled them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created with mouths and bellies: and that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, among which, is, that no man shall be compelled to starve, out of mere complaisance to a landlord; and that every man has a right to fill his stomach and wet his whistle with the best that's going.

The history of the present landlord of the *White Lion*, is a history of repeated insults, exaction, and injuries, all having in direct object, the establishment of absolute tyranny over their stomachs and throats. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused to keep anything to drink but ball-faced whiskey.

He has refused to set upon his table for dinner, any thing but turnip soup, with a little bull beef and sour krout; which are not wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has refused to let his only waiter, blink eye Joe, put more than six grains of coffee to one gallon of water.

He has turned loose a multitude of fleas, and swarms of bedbugs to assail us in the peaceful hours of the night, and to eat out our substance.

He has kept up in our beds and bedsteads, standing armies of these merciless savages, with their scalping knives and tomahawks, whose known rule of warfare is undistinguished destruction.

He has excited domestic insurrection among us, by getting drunk before breakfast, and making his wife and servant so before dinner, whereby there has often been the devil to pay.

He has waged cruel war against nature itself by feeding our horses with broom straw and corn stalks, and carrying them off to drink at puddles where swine refuse to wallow.

He has protected one-eyed Joe in his villainy, in the robbery of our jugs, by pretending to give him a mock trial after sharing with him the spoil.

A landlord whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant is unfit to keep a boarding house for Cherokee Indians.

Nor have we been wanting in our attentions to Mrs. B. and Miss Sally. We have warned them from time to time of the attempts of B——, to starve and to fleece us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our coming to board with them—we have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity—we have conjured them to alter a state of things, which would inevitably interrupt our connexion and correspondence. They too, have been deaf to the voice of justice. We are therefore, constrained to hold all three of these parties alike, inimical to our well being, and regardless of our comforts.

We, therefore, make this solemn declaration of our final separation from our former Landlord, and cast our defiance in his teeth.

A HOT PURSUIT.—During the past week, the greatest excitement has existed in Morpeth and its neighborhood, in consequence of the sudden disappearance of a young lady from her domicile, and who had decamped with a gay and sprightly young Lothario, to join hands at the altar of Hymen. We forbear mentioning the names of the parties, and our readers therefore must content themselves with an outline of the facts, which, as far as we have been able to collect them, are as follows:—The loving pair left Morpeth post-haste, and succeeded in reaching Nottingham, where the marriage solemnities were to take place; but in equal haste a friend or guardian of the young lady reached the town alluded to, and thus the anticipated union was prevented. Again, post-haste, the road was retraced, and on Saturday the enamoured pair arrived at the York Tavern, but unluckily the pursuer was close at their heels; and having procured the assistance of Mr. Pardoe, chief police-officer of this city, they reached the tavern together, when the lady slipped her temporary bond, and seated herself in the shop of Mr. Terry, immediately opposite, and whilst Mr. Pardoe was in conversation with the guardian, Lothario sprang out of the window, and joined his fair companion. Pardoe, however, was not easily to be evaded: he caught the scent, followed his game, and delivered her in safety to her pursuer. Lothario ordered chaise immediately for Easingwold, (by previous contract,) but the pursuer ordered another, taking the young lady with him by way of Boroughbridge, and this union has so far been prevented. "Love laughs at locksmiths," however; and the young lady, we understand, declares that she and her inamorata will not be long separated. [York Herald.

SERENADE.—TO EVA.—ORIGINAL.

WRITTEN IN WINTER.—BY JOHN C. MOSSIE.

The clock strikes four!—
Art thou, my love, awake,
To pray, like me,
That the blessed dawn would break?

I murmur thy sweet name
Through the long, sleepless night,
And it leaps to my lips in joy
To hail the morning light!

Life of my heart! wak'st thou,
To weep that the hour would come
When we for aye, both night and day
Shall share one hope and home!

The clock strikes four!—
Art thou, my love, awake,
To pray, like me,
That the blessed dawn would break?

AFRICAN CRITICISM.—Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler has fallen on evil times. She has been handled without gloves by the critics of England and America, and latterly she hath fallen under the hands or the critics of Africa. A late number of the Liberia Herald contains the following notice of the book of the gifted, but spoiled child of the stage.

"FRANCIS ANN BUTLER.—To the politeness of the supercargo of the brig Eliza, we are indebted for a peep at the Journal of Miss Kemble, or, as announced by the title page, *Francis Ann Butler*. From the celebrity of the tourist, we had anticipated much, but a perusal of the book treated us to a most vexatious disappointment. On the literary merit of the work we do not feel ourselves competent to decide. But as it is an immunity allowed ignorance, to admire where it cannot comprehend, we avail ourselves of the privilege, and put in our share of admiration at the bold and beautiful figures which adorn the pages; such as "Miniature Hell;" "ghastly smiles of the Devil;" "Blue Devils," &c. These are certainly beauties of which we had no conception, until we got hold of the work. We may be allowed to say, as we pass, that they are not exactly in unison with that soft and tender delicacy, of which our imagination had composed the fair sex of the higher order. We regret much that the work is not accompanied by a Lexicon, adapted to the style. The want of one has deprived us of much gratification; as doubtless the excellencies of the work is locked up in such words as "daudle," "twaddle," &c., which are to us "daudles" indeed, or, in plain English, unexplorable regions. Such works may be of utility in communities, where there is sufficient discrimination to separate the little grain from the redundancy of chaff, without being chocked [choked] by it, but we can see no earthly advantage to us in reading them.

We will venture to say, however, that if the notes are by the same hand, the authoress possesses a pretty considerable share of what may be called sound discriminating judgment on some particulars."

An Aristarchus in Congo! Let authors beware lest they fall under his lash.

The critics in Boston have had "a fierce encounter of their wits" in the matter of BARRETT, *vs.* BALLS, the comedians. The Morning Post sums up the evidence on both sides, and we subjoin its opinion:—

"*Barrett and Balls* are both inimitable in their way, so that the town is nearly equally divided on which to bestow the palm. If Barrett has more brilliancy, Balls has much grace and finish. If Balls has most versatility, Barrett has great vivacity and ease. If in the highest walk of comedy a preference for Balls occasionally predominates, we feel equally constrained to prefer Barrett, in the rich humor of the farce. On the whole, we incline to the opinion that Balls may, by the strict rules of criticism, be pronounced the first; whilst, if we judge from the effect produced upon the audience, we feel equally constrained to prefer Barrett. As a final conclusion it is impossible to decide between them—and yet we feel bound to, as our readers will expect it—and therefore ask leave lo discharge ourselves of the duty by way of an

IMPROMPTU.

"*Palmam qui meruit ferat.*"

He who has won it, should wear it,
Let the palm rest where it falls;
Fame would bestow it on *Barrett*,
If she could withhold it from *Balls*.

If our preference is not clearly understood now, perhaps it may be when we speak again."

SYMPTOMS OF A ROW.—One "I'ch Emmons," Esq., a representative of the town of Hinsdale, in the Massachusetts Legislature—who by the way, (says the Boston Post,) we believe is a near relative of Pickle Emmons, the intended of Mrs. Ann Royall,—has taken in high dudgeon a paragraph that recently appeared in the New Bedford Gazette, wherein the editor has likened him to one Demosthenes, the reputed son of a cutler at Athens, who was deemed in his day to possess the gift of the gab, to a pretty considerable extent. The "gentleman *from* Hinsdale" in the following note, which he addressed to the gentleman *at* New Bedford, it will be seen has placed himself in a belligerant attitude, and declared an uncompromising war against that unfortunate class of the community denominated "type stickers"—

"*Boston, House of Representatives, February* 4, 1836.

"Sir,—Your contemptible little paper was put into my hands by some one this morning, where you take my name in vain—you say you don't know me, and every one will believe you, who does know me. your paper smells Strong of Blubber it requires no great intellect to call the member from Hinsdale a Demosthenes—which you intend as a reproach—But I fear none of your little type stickers—

"you probably wanted an article for your valuable paper and here you have it thats all. IC'H EMMONS.

"J. G. HARRIS Editor of the New Bedford Gazette."

"Little KNIGHT" a son of the Great London Knight has lately dramatised Dr. Bird's novel of the "Hawks of Hawks Hollow." It is highly spoken of and will probably be shortly produced at one of the New York Theatres.

CHARLES KEAN.—Thts young tragedian has recently received a very flattering compliment, On the occasion of completing an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, during the course of which his success was most complete, he was honored with an invitation from the Lord Lieutenant to the vice-regal dinner.

Power, the popular comedian, who has written a book on America, has, we understand, taken a very opposite view of the society, manners, habits, and customs of the people in the new world, to that which has already been given to the public by Miss Fanny Kemble, now Mrs. Butler. [Bell's Life, Dec. 27.

IMPUDENT HOAX.—A bare-faced fraud was attempted to be played off by a woman by the name of Ewen, at Foulis, in the neigbboured of Crief, upon a young man in the same village, who had kept her company. She told him she was with child by him, and, on her lying-in, sent a note to him, requesting him to pay the expenses. In the meantime the child died, and a coffin, &c. was speedily procured for its interment, to pay the expences of which another demand was made upon the young man. Some reason was given, however, for believing that it was a fraud, and at the grave the coffin was allowed to be opened, when a child certainly appeared, but one only made up of dough and old clothes. On discovering of the hoax there was great laughter. The woman was apprehended and sent off to Perth Jail. [Sterling Journal.

AFFECTION.—I speak as I feel, returned Clifford; were the woman I loved suffering through poverty, I would beg with her, if I could not releive her; through injustice, I would defend her; from unkindness, I would protect her; and if the world forsook her, I would be to her the world.

After the Recorder. had passed sentence on a prisoner, named Mary Anne Drane, alias Blue Ribbons, at the Yarmouth Assizes, adjudging her to seven years transportation, she held out her arm, and vociferated, "I pray God Almighty you may sit there till I come back, and then I'll tell you how I like it."

J. T. GOSDEN,

PROFESSOR OF THE FLUTE, late of the Baltimore Theatre and Concerts, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York, that he has located himself in this city, for the purpose of giving instruction on the above instrument and the Piano Forte. He trusts that his long experience in the musical profession, and unwearied attention to his pupils, will be such as to entitle him to their patronage and support. For reference, as to his success as a teacher, Mr. G. possesses testimonials from individuals of the highest standing in this country, in whose families he has taught for several years together, and given the greatest satisfaction. For address, apply at Messrs. HEWITT & Co.'s Music Store, and at ATWILL'S Music Saloon, Broadway. feb 20

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully tenders his thanks to the patrons of his *Veterinary Establishment*, for their past and kind favors, and feels extreme pleasure as well as gratitude thus publicly to acknowledge it. It is seldom that he uses the advertising columns of a public journal as a means of applying to the Public for patronage and support, which is ostentatiously practised by many of the present day. But at the suggestion of his friends, that those who do not know him may have the opportunity of doing so, he takes the advantage of the present occasion to inform them, that his INFIRMARY, No. 36 *City Hall Place*, N. Y., is always open for the reception and cure of diseased horses, where every attention which it is in his power to bestow, will be cheerfully and assiduously given. It would be unnecessary and vain, if after more than 15 years practice in the United States, and several previous years experience as a Veterinary Surgeon in England, he would say aught in favor of his professional ability. To that portion of the public whom he has had the gratification of serving in that capacity, he appeals to for character and capability in the line of his profession. To those who may do him the favor of calling upon him in the above line, he will be particular in bestowing every attendance and care. Attached to his Infirmary is an extensive Shoeing Establishment, where horses will be carefully shod, on the most regular and approved principles, and under his own immediate superintendance. R. H. BUDD,
Veterinary Surgeon, 36 City Hall Place.

N B. To be had at the above Establishment, New-York, a Practical Treatise on the "Diseases of the foot of the Horse," by R. H. BUDD, Veterinary Surgeon, N. Y. feb 20-1y

NEW-YORK AND PROVIDENCE STEAMBOAT COMPANY.

FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, the splendid Steamboat, PRESIDENT, Captain E. S. Bunker, or the BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Captain Robert B. Coleman, will leave New-York at 5 o'clock, and Providence at 12 o'clock.

For further information, apply at the Office, No. 14 Broad-street, or to the Captain, on board, at the foot of Courtland-street. feb 20

Gallery of Comicalities.

A BOBALITION SERMON, on the Canal-street Plan.

Havin bin inwited by the fuss chop of gemmen in York, to go prachin the glorus caws of bobalition, I riz up here to 'dress you—so jest shet your pertater traps, and make not no noise. I sposes, dear hearers, you all on you 'ave 'erd how the preshus female wimmin of Scotchland, in Glassgow, sent Mr. Thompkins over here to Ameriky to prach bobalition to the heething. But he no quicker got here than all the magnem bonem sinners what keep 'em slaves said as how he was a *swindler*, and so he was, I guess, for he always kep a snubbin me, and he called me a wagabone, he did, but I despises all sich insinivatiag complermints. Oh the poor slaves! Do you 'magine how they lick 'em till they black and blue evry day, and neber giv' him nothin' to eat but cold taters. Mr. Garrison say the slaves is good as white folks, and brother Tappan say they is darn sight better—('scuse my 'spression, ladies and gemmen.) How you spose they sarved out poor Mister Thompsing in Bosting? Why they were goin' to strangle 'im between two fat ladies of kuller, but he hid, and the fust chance he got, didn't he cleer the koop, I wonder? And then they kotch'd Garrison and put a big rope round his neak; how they did twitch him 'bout like a dog with a tin pan stuck to his tail! My eyes! how they pitched into 'im; blow me tight, if I'd a been in his trowsers for the biggest jug of rum in all creation. You see I've got "*The Emancipator*" jist to help me out in my sarment. It's a great heb-d-a-bominable, as the big bugs calls the weekly papers what aint printed only once a week. The heditor is a knowing cove; he don't care how much they 'buse the paper so they don't lick him; if they ever kotch him, the wicked varmints say as how they'll just cut his hed off, and hang 'im after'ards. But see how he's mortarfied and 'bused for sake of poor starving blacks. Haven't they tuck'd 'im up and put 'im in the Pawlice offi's for bein' a knoosanse? And havn't all the other papers called him a '*Sin*-erant son-of-a-gun 'cause he was a taler by trade, and a tinker by profession! Oh you am surpris'd be you, you 'ard 'arted creeters what won't help give poor nigger his freedom. Here you stand like so many postesses with your mouths gawping open wider as Jonah when he swallered the whale. Where do you 'magine you'll die when you go to, if you don't give slave liberty to cut his stick and be Gemmen like you be? Burn my skin if I had'nt ruther have slave for my father, than not know who had my broughteu-up to pay for; and that I don't, 'cause they found me in the market, and one dam bucher said I camed of a cow what never had a kalf, and yon know that's unpossible.

Final, gemmen and ladies, plees pass round my 'at and gin us a sixpence a-piece, each on us, for the glorus caws of Bobalition: and you, you rowdy little byes and gals what spend your munny for pea-nuts and gingerbread, what ain't good for your wholesome, give it to me for the poor little niggers what they cut up and make soup of in the Mistycippy.

Aunt Nabby I've done with yer stand, so you may go sellin yer frozen apples agin. Dy dear 'ecrers, they'll be a four days meetin' in this street every night of next week, I guess, if't don't rain, and a kollection taken up for the Mishionaries to the Hourangs Houtangs in Takes-us. Uncle Ben I shan't liquor wi' you arter meetin' 'cause I got an inwite to go have some of the "A. T." Begundy at brother Arthur's. My deer 'eerers let us include this sollem meetin' by singin' the twenty-leventh Bobalition Sarm, 'tickler meter; beginnin with

Thompson he luv poor nigger well,
He nose him far off by de smell, &c.

Catechism of the Punological Institute, No. 1. *Medical.* Qn. What musical fever is peculiar to Spaniards and Italians? An. The *guitar*-fever. Qn. What would you administer to a tanner and courier? An. *Bark* and an *ox-hide*. Qn. What would you use in case of a bite from one of the feline species? An. *Cat-nip* tea, bathing the *mew*-cilaginous part with *pur clay*-ride of lime. Qn. What part of a portrait painter is first affected? An. His *palate*. Qn. What would you say when called upon? An. *He's ill* (easel). Qn. What cures?—An. A *mixture* will improve his *phis*-ical qualities, and enable him to *canvass* the means of every head he *takes off*. Qn. What fever troubles a printer most? An. *Thypas*. Qn. How is it treated? An. *Pie* may put a *period* to the *case*, and give it a new *form*; when desperate, *sheeps-foot* jelly and *quoin*-ine may be used. Qn. What cures a miser of the *yellow*-fever? An. *Anti-money*. Qn. What is the remedy for a lawyer? An. *Slack'd-lie*. Qn. What for a collector? An. *Sassy*-parila. Qn. What did Robin Hood's archers like best? An. *Arrow-root*. Qn. Which months in the year are considered the most profitable to doctors? An. January and July—because they are the most *bill*-ous. Qn. What drink is the most deleterious to topers? An. *Gin* and *water*, it being *hydrogen*. Qn. What medicine would you give a love sick girl? An. The essence of *two-lips*.

No. 2. *Musical.* Qn. Why do vocalists prefer Baltimore city to all others?—An. Because, though in other cities they *bawl* to many, they come here to *Bawl-te-more*. Qn. Why are Blacksmiths more noisy than other people? An. Because they cannot do without *bellows*. Qn. When is the fourth letter in the alphabet the most musical? An. When its a mellow—D (melody.) Qn. Which celebrated musical composer is most like a fiddlebow? An. *Rosiny* (Rosini.) Qn. What movement does a country clergyman prefer when he is going to drink?—An. *Pastor-ale*. Qn. When does a singer make the least noise? An. When he sing *so-low* (solo.) Qn. What piece of music does a toper prefer? An. A *quart-etto*. Qn. How does he like it played? An. *Spirit-u-o-so*. Qn. Why is a counterfeiter compared to a bad musician? An. Because he utters *false-notes*. Qn. Which prison should he be sent to? An. *Sing-Sing*. Qn. How do you make *A-sparper?* An. *B-coming-flatter*. Qn. Which German composer was considered the worst performer? An. Play-ill (Pleyel.) Qn. Why is a great violin player like an idolatrous fool? An. Because he is a *Pagan-ninny*. Qn, Why is a celebrated female vocalist like a great secret? An. Because she's a great *mis-try* (Miss Tree.) [Baltimore Visiter.

A Sheffield paper states that "the late decision of the Coursing Meeting at Chatsworth, for the Gold Cup, has been reversed by the Jockey Club, and that the dog which was run over is declared the winner of the Cup."—This is not correct, for the Jockey Club will not take cognizance of matters unconnected with Racing; the decision, however, ought to be reversed, for it is manifestly opposed to the merits of the course. Bell.

We learn, from a Louisiana journal, that the match race, 440 yards, for as many dollars, which came off on Walker's track, near Clinton, in that state, on the 20th ult., resulted as follows:—

Mr. Hackney's c. h. *Sambo* 1
Mr. Nettle's b. *Poney* ..... bolted.

TO PAINTERS AND GUILDERS.

GOLD AND SILVER LEAF, warranted superior quality, at the manufactory, No. 67 Watt-street, New-York.

N. B. Gold, silver, and copper bronzes, of different colors and qualities, at lowest price, for cash. Orders will be shipped punctually and free of charges. Address GEORGE S. WAITE, at the manufactory, No. 459 Greenwich-street, or No. 67 Watt-street, New-York.
feb 27.

AMERICAN RACES TO COME—1836.

Belfield, Va.	- - - - -	Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday in April, the 12th.
New-York City.	- - -	Jockey Club, Union Course; 1st Spring Meeting, Tues. May 12th
"	"	Monday April 25th, Sweepstakes, m. heats, entrance $5,000, h. f.
"	"	Tuesday, May 3d, Match, 4 m. heats, entrance $5,000 a side, h. f.
"	"	Same Day, Sweepstakes, m. heats, entrance $1000, f. $250.
"	"	Wednesday, May 4th, Sweepstakes, m. heats, ent. $300, h. f.
"	"	Thursday, May 5th, Sweepstakes, m. heats, ent. $300, f. 100.
"	"	Second Spg. Meeting, Gnd. Match, *North* vs. *South*, e. $5,000, h. f.
Natchez, Miss.	- - - -	March 1st, Match, 4 mile heats, $5000 a-side, Pharsalia Course.
"	"	March 2d, Match, mile heats, $2000 a side.
Plaquemine, La.	- - -	First Meeting, 3d Wednesday in March.
St. Francisville, La.		First Spring Meeting, Wednesday, March 23d.
Trenton, N. J.	- - - - -	Eagle Course, First Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th April.
"	"	Second Meeting, 1st Tuesday, June 7th.
Macon, Ga.	- - - - - -	Jockey Club, Monday, 21st March.
"	"	March 5th, Match, 2 miles out, $1000 aside.
"	"	March 16th, Match, mile heats, $1000 a-side.
"	"	April 30th, Match, 4-mile heats, $500 a-side.
"	"	Dec. 1st, Match, 4-mile heats, $5000 a-side.

Hunting Extraordinary.—On Friday week, a deer and a bear gave much fun, and no little trouble, to some of the inhabitants of Chapel-en-le-Frith, Middleton. The deer arrived at Rugsworth, per Wheatcroft's boat, and was to be forwarded by their waggon to the owner, Mr. Butler, of Sheffield, who intended it for the menagerie now collecting at the Botanic Garden. He was duly deposited in that conveyance; but at Stouey Middleton must needs have a peep at him, and raising the covering for that purpose; the animal, probably not liking so tedious a mode of travelling, instantly seized the opportunity, sbrang out of the waggon and was out of sight in an instant. He was not seen until Sunday, when he was discovered by a party of men, who had been sent in search of him, in a wood close by Middleton. After many efforts, they succeeded in enticing him into a sheep-pen, and rushing in after him, they fully expected to seize him, but with one bound the deer sprung over the heads of five or six of his escort, and knocked down the remainder; the chase was, however, commenced anew, and with better success, and the animal was at length secured, and sent to its owner.—On the same day, and by the same conveyance, a bear was a part of the loading of Messrs. Wheatcroft's boat, and which gave the luckless waggoners even more trouble than the deer. The efforts of four or five men were directed to the object of introducing Mr. Bruin into a hogshead, and for the purpose of placing him in the waggon; but his violent resistance made it a difficult matter, and in the struggle his collar (to which the chain was attached) broke, and the bear, finding himself at liberty knocked down three of his persecutors, and departed at the top of his speed. He luckily ran into Hiberson's warehouse, where a grand hunt immediately commenced; the doors were closed, lights brought) for it was after dark), and dogs turned in: Bruin behaved very gallantly, and repeatedly put to rout his human pursuers, to whom he was a formidable object, having no muzzle nor chain on him. He was, however, secured at last, and forwarded to his destintion at Sheffield, but not before he had severely scratched, bitten, and torn, the clothes of his asssailants.

A Card.—*Mr. Editor*—I wish, through the medium of your columns, to call the attention of those concerned to Mr. Henry Wells' institution in this city, for the cure of stammering. Being one of that class myself, I came to this city from Boston, and entered the institution on the 8th inst. In the course of a week, I acquired his system, and am now able to speak with ease and fluency. Indeed, persons not previously acquainted with me, would not discern that I ever was a stammerer. All the people in the institution are making rapid progress in acquiring this simple yet philosophical method of speaking. Sympathy for stammerers, and gratitude to Mr. Wells, induces me to make this statement.

New-York, Feb. 17, 1836. ALEXANDER FERGUSON.

PARK THEATRE.

A CARD.—Miss Watson respectfully announces to her friends and the public, that her Benefit is fixed for Wednesday next, the 2d March; on which occasion, she trusts that the entertainments selected (which will be shortly announced), will be found worthy of their kind patronage.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'cloch, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surprising feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs.—6. Pat with his Shilalah, just arrived. 7. Ben, the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son, who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12 A long and a strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞ Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb 27.

AMERICAN MUSEUM.

GRAND EXHIBITION OF HANNINGTON'S MOVING DIORAMAS will continue every evening, commencing at half past 7 o'clock—in the following order:—

Grand Dioramic Scene 1—Being an Allegorical Representation of the Treaty of Ghent, 1814, and Triumph of America!

The exhibition opens with a view of a highly scenic country, picturesque in the extreme. Immediately in front of the audience, in the foreground, is an Obelisk, erected to the glory of American heroes of the last war. The most elevated figure on this column is fame, represented with a trumpet, proclaiming the memorable deeds, where, and by whom achieved, which History is in the act, at the same time, of recording.

The moving figures of the Diorama commence in front, by the passing of a number of boats, in which much skill and time is observed by the oarsmen, after which, is to be seen America, drawn in a splendid car, by four white horses, bearing the flag of the United States, followed by Victory, ready to crown her with laurels, proceeding to the Temple of Peace, through a triumphal arch, with a numerous retinue. A young female precedes the car of America, strewing the path with flowers, while another, with a child in her arms, has kindled the incense, and a third is singing triumphant hymns.

In the train, following America, in a grand procession, are seen bands of Musicians, Victors, Prisoners of War, and numerous troops of Cavalry and Infantry, many of them carrying trophies. The whole spectacle is represented in the style and costume of the ancient Romans, and the admiring spectator will observe with delight the motion of men and horses, as natural as life, keeping time with the powerful martial music.

Grand Dioramic Scene 2.—Moonlight—Sea View—Storm and Shipwreck.

Grand Dioramic Scene 3.—Conflagration of Moscow.—This Diorama is divided into a Day and Night Scene.

Also, still exhibiting the celebrated Statuary of Tam O'Shanter, Souter Johnny, and the Landlord and Landlady.

The Grand Cosmorama is the most splendid exhibition of the kind known.

Proffessor at the Piano, Mr. S. Bassford.

☞ Admittance to the whole, 25 cents—Children under 12 years, when accompanied by their parents or guardians, 12 1-2 cents. feb. 27.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD STEAMBOAT LINE, DAILY.—One of the New-Haven Steamboats, until further notice, will leave pier No. 23, foot of Beekman-street, for New-Haven, daily, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, A. M., and at 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays, and one of said boats will leave New-Haven on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, at 12 o'clock, M., and on Saturdays at 6 o'clock, A. M., and at 2 o'clock, P. M.—By this arrangement there will be two boats from each place on Saturdays, viz.: one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

Excellent Post Coaches are always in readiness on arrival of the boats at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence and Boston. Also, to Lichfield, via Waterbury daily, and via Woodbury on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. For further information respecting freight and passage, inquire of JOHN SAXTON, 114 South-street. feb 20

CHEAPEST PREMIUM READY-MADE LINEN STORE,

NO. 181, HUDSON STREET.—E. Denaux has the honor to inform his customers and the public generally, that a premium has been awarded to him at the late Fair of the American Institute for the best made linen shirts. He also, thankful for past favors, requests a continuance of the same, his intention being to make his establishment known as the cheapest in the city. He also manufactures stocks of every pattern and quality.

He always keeps a good assortment of hosiery, gloves, suspenders, and gentlemen's new furnishing articles.

Linen made to order, warranted to set well. Shirts of every description, wholesale and retail. feb 27

NOTICES OF THE WAR OF 1812.

GEORGE DEARBORN will publish, on Monday, February 15th, "Notices of the War of 1812," between the United States and Great Britain, by Gen. John Armstrong. The present volume of the "Notices of the War of 1812," is confined to the operations on the frontier. The second volume will embrace those on the seaboard—it will be published with all convenient despatch. feb 27

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

THE SUBSCRIBER, Flute-maker, (recently from London), respectfully invites the attention of the profession and amateurs, to the inspection of his instruments, which are made from the most improved patterns; and, in regard to workmanship, and long seasoned materials, are surpassed by none. Patent heads put in, and repairs done in the shortest possible time. Clarionets, flageolets, &c., &c. Instruments taken in exchange.

feb 27 T. LONGHRST, Musical Instrument Maker, 471 Pearl-st.

UPHOLSTERY FURNISHING WAREROOMS.

THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE, and is constantly manufacturing, entire suits of ottoman and mahogany drawing-room furniture, together with a great variety of library, office, and counting-room chairs; among which are the London self-acting chair, on castors, a superior article for the invalid or those of sedantary habits. Those furnishing their dwellings with rich and fashionable furniture, are invited to examine some specimens now in his warerooms. Orders thankfully received and faithfully executed.

N.B. The subscriber has also just received the latest French and English designs for fitting-up and decorating drawing-rooms, together with some new style silks for furniture, &c.

H. N. DAVIS, Upholsterer, 286 Broadway, opposite the Washington Hotel.

POCKET BOOKS, WRITING DESKS, &c.

BUSSING & CO., WILLIAM-STREET, CORNER OF LIBERTY, New-York, importers and manufacturers of fine Pocket-Books and Card Cases, Writing and Travelling Desks, Shaving and Dressing Cases, &c., wholesale and retail. feb 20

AN Apprentice wanted. Apply at the corner of Broadway and Courtland-street. A well educated boy will here find an excellent situation.

PERRY'S COFFEE HOUSE, *BUFFALO*, NEW-YORK.
feb 20 J. H. PERRY.

MR. SAMUEL O'ROUKE.

HAS arrived in this city from Albany, and will give an exhibition of the Art of Self-Defence, on Tuesday, the 1st March, o'clock P. M., at his rooms, above Mr. M'Mahon's Tavern, corner of Broadway and Anthony-street. He would inform his friends that Mr. M'Farlane will 'set-to' with him on the occasion. feb 27.

SWEEPSTAKES, to be run on the EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON.

FIRST SPRING MEETING, 19th of April, 1836.—First day.—For three-year-old Colts and Fillies, mile heats, $200 subscription, $50 forfeit, and $200 added by the Club; closed 1st of January; 12 subscribers.

1. Walter Livingston names *Itasca*, b. f. by Eclipse, out of Betsey Ransom.
2. Daniel Abbott " *Ophelia*, f. by Lance, dam by Revenge.
3. J. Holmes Van Mater " *Chestnut Colt*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar
4. Samuel Laird " *Molly*, c. f. by Henry, out of Modesty.
5. B. B. Seaman " *Dusty-foot*, c. by Barefoot, dam by Sir Solomon.
6. Philip Wallis " *Molinera*, f. by Henry, out of Modesty.
7. H. Wilkes " *Chestnut Colt*, by Henry, out of Saluda.
8. J. Holmes Van Mater " *Black Colt*, by Valentine, out of Honesty.
9. J. C. Stevens " *Fanti*, c. f. by Henry, out of Jeannettee.
10. Daniel Abbott " *Jane*, f. by Mark Richards, dam by Expedition.
11. David Toms " *Julia Montgomery*, by Eclipse, dam by Ratler.
12. H. A. Coenhoven " *Brown Colt*, by Henry, out of Meg Dodds.
13. H. A. Coenhoven " *Bay Colt*, by Memnon, out of Zarina.
14. Jacob Vandyke " *Grey Filley*, by Medley, out of Rosalinda.

Second day.—For three-year-old Colts and Fillies, *two miles out*, $50 subscription, p. p. 150 dollars, added by the Club. To name and close on the first of April. Four or more to make a race.

Sweepstakes, to be run at the Second Meeting on the Eagle Course, June 7th, 1836.

First day.—Two-mile heats, $300 subscription, h. f., $300 added by the Club. Four or more to make a race. To name and close on the first of April.

Last day.—A Post-stake, four-mile heats, $500 subscription, h. f., and $1000 added by the Club. Four or more to make a race. To close on the first of April.

There having been a very general expression by Turfmen of their preferences for the short distances, as adopted at New-York and at the South, the proprietor, in accordance with their wishes, will hereafter be governed by the same upon the Eagle Course. The weights, being the same as on Long Island, will remain so. O. BAILEY.

Trenton, January 26, 1836.

BAREFOOT,

THE ONLY HORSE IN AMERICA that has ever won the Great St. Leger. The imported horse BAREFOOT will stand for mares the ensuing season, at the stable of the subscriber, near the Union Race Course, Long Island, at the following terms:—

Full-blooded Mares ..... $50 the season; and $1 for the groom
All other Mares ..... $25 the season.

The Money to be paid when the mares are taken away, with the expense of keeping; or on or before the 15th July next. The season to commence on the 1st of March next, and terminate on the 15th July, 1836.

BAREFOOT is a remarkably beautiful horse, a bright chesnut, 15 1-2 hands high, very fine in his forehand, muscular, and well-proportioned in all respects, very active, of a high spirit, and at the same time of a good temper. The breeders of horses are respectfully invited to call and examine this horse. JOHN R. SNEDEKER,
feb 20 Union Hotel, Long Island.

☞ The remainder of this advertisement will be given in our next.

THOROUGH-BRED HORSES FOR SALE.

THE following thorough-bred horses, belonging to the estate of the late Bela Badger, of of Bucks county, Pennsylvania, are offered for sale, viz:—

John Richards, Valentine (imported,)
Flying Dutchman, Chifney,
Priam.

The four first-named horses are at General John Faulkner, Gerrard county, Kentucky.—*Priam* is in Preble county, Ohio.

The terms of payment (good security being given) will be made easy to purchasers.

Proposals, if directed to Samuel Badger, Executor to the estate, Philadelphia, or to Joseph H. Hellings, care of General Faulkner, Lancaster, Gerrard county, Kentucky, will meet with prompt attention. feb 13-6w

THE CELEBRATED HORSE HENRY,

COMPETITOR OF ECLIPSE, will stand the ensuing season at the stable of the subscriber, Union Race Course, Long Island. *Terms*, $75 the season.
jan 23 JOHN DREW.

FOR SALE,

THE FULL-BLOODED HORSE *NIAGARA*, bred at Dosoris, by Walter Livingston, Esq. *Niagara* was got by *Eclipse*, out of *Young Romp*—Young Romp by Duroc, out of Old Romp, full-sister to Miller's Damsel, and got by imported Messenger out of Constable's imp. Pot-8-os mare. Niagara's dam, Young Romp, is also the dam of *Camilla* and *Borodino*, both winners.

Niagara has started but four times, and won three out of those four races, viz:—In the Spring of 1833, a sweepstakes for three-year olds, mile heats, over the Union Course, $600 entrance, half forfeit, seven subscribers. In the Fall of 1833, over the Union Course, he won the sweepstakes for three-year olds, $400 entrance, four miles out, beating Colonel Johnson's *Cadet*. In the Spring of 1834, he won the three-mile purse at Poughkeepsie. In the same Spring, (1834,) he started, entirely out of condition, for the three-mile purse over the Union Course, and was drawn after the first heat. This is the only heat he ever lost. For these races, see Skinner's "American Turf Register."

In the Fall of 1834, he was badly lamed in the shoulder, and has never started since.

Niagara is a beautiful blood-bay, without spot or blemish of any kind, with black legs, mane and tail; he is about fifteen and a half hands high—an uncommonly deep-chested, muscular, powerful horse, and one of the handsomest stallions of the Northern country. It will be seen from his pedigree that he is a bred-in horse, and of the purest stock, having no blood in his veins that differs from that of his sire, American Eclipse. He would be a valuable acquisition to any part of the country, where well-bred horses, with the strength and power of the Eclipse stock, are wanted for the Turf, Saddle, or Harness.

He may be seen at my stables on Long Island. Should any other or more particular information be required, it may be had by applying to me, at No. 14 Barclay-street, New-York.
feb 13 JOHN C. STEVENS.

IMPORTED HORSE VICTORY.

THIS valuable high-bred Race-horse is offered for sale on reasonable terms. He is a dark bay, without any white marks; was bred by the Duke of Rutland, and foaled in 1825.—He was got by Waterloo, a stallion in the Royal Stud at Hampton Court, a capital performer, and son of the celebrated horse Walton, out of Penelope, the dam of Whalebone, Whisker, Woful, &c. *Victory's* dam, Adeline, was got by Soothsayer, son of Sorcerer, out of Golden Locks, by Delpini. His grandam Elizabeth, by Orville; great-grandam Penny Trumpet, by Trumpeter; great-great-grandam Young Camilla, by Woodpecker; great-great-great-grandam Camilla, by Trentham. Victory is a very strong-made horse, of great substance, standing upon short legs, with more bone than is generally to be met with in the race-horse, and admirably adapted to cross with high-made mares, at present too prevalent in the Southern States. He is 15 hands 3 inches high, with good points and fine action; has proved himself a sure foal-getter, and his colts, (some of which may be seen at the residence of James Bathgate, Esq., West Farms, Westchester county, 12 miles easterly from the city of New-York, near the Boston post-road, where the horse at present is,) in point of size and appearance, are surpassed by none. He has been a good racer: he appeared on the turf 27 times, in competition with some of the best horses in Europe, *winning eleven times*, two of which were King's Plates, with very high weights; *walked over twice*, and *ereceived forfeit once*; in seven of the races in which he was beat, he ran second. More particular information may be had by application to C. R. Colden, Editor of the Sporting Magazine, No. 106 Spring-street, or of the subscriber, No. 17 Sixth-avenue, New-York.
feb 20-tf WILLIAM JACKSON.

VETERINARY SURGERY.

THE SUBSCRIBER, JAMES DRYSDALE, corner of Liberty and Washington street, New-York, tenders his sincere thanks to the citizens of New-York and vicinity, for their liberal patronage since his arrival in this country, and assures them that nothing will be wanting on his part to deserve it more and more. The diffidence of our citizens in employing the regular practitioner is easily accounted for, when we consider the impositions daily practised upon them by empirics and mountebanks, who first gull them and then laugh at their credulity. But I hope the time will soon arrive when a line of demarkation will be drawn bewixt the ignorant pretender and the scientific Veterinary Surgeon; when the former will be treated with the contempt he deserves, and the latter receive the patronage and respect, according to his abilities and upright dealings with his patrons. JAMES DRYSDALE,
Veterinary Surgeon, Graduate of the Edinburgh Veterinary School.

N.B. Horses shod as above on the most approved scientific principles. feb 20

MR. W. LOCKWOOD,

MINIATURE PAINTER, No. 2, COURTLANDT-STREET, New-York. feb 27

New Music, Musical Instruments, and Musical Merchandise,

JUST RECEIVED from Europe, and for sale at *ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON*, sign of the *Golden Lyre*.—Just received from agents in London and Paris, a very valuable assortment of New Music and Musical Instruments, which, together with an extensive stock on hand, embraces as large an assortment of *Music, Musical Instruments*, and *Musical Merchandise*, as can be found in any establishment in the United States.

Among the Music from London, are the last compositions of eminent masters, arranged for one flute—one and two flutes—flute and piano forte—two flutes and piano forte—entire Operas for the flute—selections from Rossini's Operas for two flutes—Trio's for three flutes, &c.

Among the musical instruments are the much admired Accordions of various sizes, Spanish Guitars of every style and pattern, varying in price from $6 to $100.

French and German Violins and Violincellos: Bass Horns and China Bells; Serpents and Keyed Bugles; Concert Trumpets and Horns; Bags and Cases for Guitars, Violins, Flutes, and Accordions; Cymbals, Bassoons, Triangles, Horns, Trumpets; Tuning Forks, Tuning Hammers, Hunting Horns; Steel Wire, Violin Bows, Violin Bridges; Strings for Violins, Guitars, and Violincellos; Reeds for Clarionets, Oboes and Bassoons; Finger Boards, Tail pieces, and Pegs for Violins, &c.

In addition to the above, the subscriber is constantly receiving from his manufactory—

SUPERIOR PIANO-FORTES.

Manufactured expressly for his establishment, of various patterns, of Rosewood and Mahogany, with the Grand Action, Harp stop, Metallic Plates, &c., embracing the latest fashion of furniture with tablet and hollow-cornered fronts, veneered legs and Grecian scrools. All of which are warranted to be made of such materials and so well seasoned as to stand the test of every climate, and can be returned if any defect is found in the instruments—Price from $110 to $650. Piano stools of various patterns to correspond with Pianos, of Rosewood, Mahogany, &c. Piano covers of every variety of colors and qualities.

Piano-forte Tuning-Forks, Hammers, &c. &c. Instruments of every description tuned, repaired, or packed at short notice. Purchasers will find it to their advantage to call and examine the above.

FLUTES, CLARIONETTS, OBOES, FLAGEOLETTS, single and double, OCTAVE FLUTES, PICALOES FIFES, &c. ☞ The Subscriber manufactures the celebrated Cocoa-wood *Flutes* with the Ivory Joint—Silver Mountings, Keys, &c. &c. as used exclusively by all the principal Professors of the Instrument throughout the Country.

Also, Constantly published by the Subscriber all the new and fashionable music which in addition to his large and increasing *Catalogue of Standard Music—Instruction Books, Gamut Scales*, &c. &c. constitutes the most valuable assortment of Music in the Country.

Purchasers will find the counter covered with all the newest and most favorite Songs and Pieces—also books of the same bound for the convenience of persons leaving the city.

In addition to the assortment of music, are all the various works on the science and composition of music, by Barrows, Catel, Calcutt, Mason, &c..

The price of music, as sold at this establishment, is as low (if not cheaper) as at the other shops about town.

Seminaries, Music Dealers, and Artists of the profession, supplied on the most reasonable terms. Orders from every part of the United States, or elsewhere, attended to with the greatest care and dispatch, by addressing

JOSEPH F. ATWILL, Music Saloon, sign of the *Golden Lyre*,
feb 20 201 Broadway, near St. Paul's Church.

TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, Wad-cutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder-flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Pouches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. REED takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him since his commencement in business, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.

R. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street.

N. B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb 20